SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ISSUE

Blair Fraser reports on

THE HOLY LAND TODAY

The Strange Story of THE BIBLE
By Fred Bodsworth





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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 15, 1954

66 Christmas

used to

drive me

CIAZY! 99

"Every year it was the same. Presents to buy and cash at low ebb. Running up bills... then I got smart. I started a special Christmas account* at the Royal Bank, adding something every pay day... and leaving it there. This year I'm ready for Christmas, with cash to pay for all the things that mean so much at this season of the year."

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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA



CANADA'S NATIONAL

EDITORIAL

The Guaranteed Wage Myth

SOON AFTER the beginning of the New Year labor intends to begin seeking an objective that hitherto had seemed beyond its reach: a guaranteed annual wage.

With the objective itself we think nearly everyone will be in sympathy. Even rabid anti-unionists no longer think-or at any rate no longer say—that maximum job security is a bad thing. No one who has not been independently wealthy all his life can fail to know how important it is for a family to be able to calculate its bills in advance and be sure of paying them when they fall due.

This is one benefit that labor, for all its great gains, has never been able to win. Indeed, while they have obtained a great deal of job security for their members, the trade unions have been able to obtain very little work security. It's widely recognized in labor ethics as well as in countless contracts and laws that the worker has a vested interest in his job and that it can't be taken away from him without cause. But when the job itself is suspended, through seasonal layoffs, a slump in markets or a strike, then of course the right to hold the job does not include during that period the right to work at it.

Frankly, we don't see how anyone be it management, labor or government or all three working together-is ever going to devise within a free-enterprise society a system under which every able-bodied worker will be able to work all the time and be guaranteed a minimum rate of pay. In times of maximum consumption we might come close. But to enforce such a full-work, full-pay program in times of reduced consumption would merely be to choose from among a set of preposterous illusions. Either the average worker would have to slow down-thus cutting national production, thus cutting national efficiency, thus cutting the national standard of living; or we'd pile up wasteful surpluses; or, and perhaps also, we'd run into such heavy inflation that those guaranteed wages would be worth little more in real buying power than the guaranteed relief vouchers of the 1930s.

Let's be realistic. When the United Automobile Workers talk about a guaranteed annual wage, they are talking about a guaranteed annual wage for their own members. But they are not unless their leaders are hopelessly unrealistic—talking about a guaranteed annual wage for the men who deliver milk to the kitchen doors of United Automobile Workers, or for the construction workers who build houses for the United Automobile Workers or for the cutters who make clothing for the United Automobile Workers. If all of society is to get a guaranteed annual wage, then no substantial part of it will really benefit. All that will happen is that business will take over from government the job of seeing that no one goes hungry or homeless or without medical care. There will still, without doubt, be peaks and valleys in the general prosperity. Although the individual worker's nominal earnings and his family's nominal spendings might remain theoretically uniform we'd all, in fact, go through lean times and good times pretty much as now.

For all this, we don't argue that any union or any group of non-union workers or any individual worker hasn't a perfect right andthis being the sort of world it is perhaps even a duty to strive for a guaranteed annual wage. We merely point out that if this is the road to Utopia, it can be Utopia only for the few and therefore it can't be Utopia in the genuine, old-fashioned Utopian sense.

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DECEMBER 15, 1954

Cover by Oscar

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Dow

OF CANADA

CHEMICALS BASIC TO CANADIAN LIVING



AROMATICS...add the luxury of FRAGRANCE TO CLEANLINESS!



Editor

8, 9),

WELL KNOWN INFECTION FIGHTER
Iodine, a household word, a true friend
of the family and one of infection's
worst enemies, is only one of many
medicinal chemicals Dow makes.



QUICK PAIN RELIEF
Acetylsalicylic acid is a Dow pharmaceutical that is the vital ingredient of the handy remedies you use to relieve simple pains, headaches and colds — fast!



FOLLOWING DOCTOR'S ORDERS
Dow bromides help bring welcomerelief when doctors prescribe sedative to calm patient's nerves and bring the comfort of a good night's peaceful sleep

Dow aromatics bring a garden of fragrances to your bath in the soaps you use. Rose . . . Carnation . . . Lily and Lilac! But the lovely floral essences of soaps do not fully describe the boundaries of products that benefit from Dow aromatics. Likely your favourite perfume contains a blend of Dow aromatics giving you out-of-this-world fragrances at down-to-earth-prices. And food manufacturers often heighten taste appeal with a deft touch of appetizing flavours. Sweet smelling soaps — enchanting perfumes — delicious foods — all illustrate uses of aromatics.

DOW CHEMICAL OF CANADA, LIMITED TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG SARNIA



They're 70 now... and still healthy, happy and active!

If you doubt that it's good to be alive at 70,80... or even 90... look about you. You will find many of our senior citizens at these ages "spry as larks"... living long and liking it!

Liking it? Yes, indeed! For much is being learned about how to make life's later years happy, active and rewarding. Geriatrics... the science of helping older people enjoy longer life...has contributed much to our brighter outlook on growing older. As research in this specialty continues, perhaps even greater gains in life conservation may be made.

In addition to the striking advances made in geriatrics and other health and medical sciences, the rapid rise in our standard of living has been an important factor in making life longer and more healthful. The effect of all these advances is highlighted by these facts:

The average life span for Canadicus is now 69 years.

There are now more than one million Canadians who are 65 and older, and by 1960 it is estimated that they will number 1,300,000.

Specialists agree that when a man reaches his 65th or 70th birthday, his "age" depends not so much on the calendar as on his earlier health habits...especially during mid-life when so many of the chronic or degenerative diseases begin to develop. To help forestall such disorders, or lessen their effects if they should occur, authorities make this recommendation:

Go to your doctor for regular health examinations. He may be able to detect conditions of which you are unaware. Through prompt diagnosis and treatment, he may spare you serious illness later on and perhaps add years to your life.

In addition to regular medical checkups, a healthy old age may depend on the living habits that you follow after 40. It is important, for instance, to control your weight through proper diet. It is also wise to slow down, to get your required sleep regularly, to take the type and amount of exercise that is best suited to your physical abilities and to follow a hobby that will help keep your mind sharp and alert.

There is no "magic formula" for a long and healthy life. However, experts agree that the person who prepares *early* has the best chance of getting more... rather than less... out of the years beyond 65.

Metropolitan has published a booklet to help you live long and like it. The title is "Your Future and You." Just fill out and mail the coupon below for your free copy.



BY Beverley Boxtes



Has Oscar Wilde's Crime been Redeemed?

T IS Saturday morning in late autumn. My garden is covered with dead leaves although in some mysterious way a gallant remnant of flowers is holding out like the Guards at Waterloo. Yellow chrysanthemums, blush-red dahlias and Michaelmas daisies . . . There is a lovely melancholy about these lingerers, as though they were missing their commanions but leath to follow them.

their companions but loath to follow them.

But now we shall leave this old-world garden in St. John's Wood for I must make my way to Tite Street in Chelsea where a hundred or so of us are going to watch the unveiling of a plaque placed by the door of one of the houses there. Let us take the bus to Hyde Park Corner, then dismount and make our way on foot to Chelsea via Constitution Hill, Buckingham Palace and the Embankment.

London has never looked more lovely. It ages so beautifully with the dying year that even the dead leaves seem a carpet to soften the path for our feet.

Hello! Here's a troop of Household Cavalry trotting up Constitution Hill. So perfectly are they drilled that the horses seem in step, and heaven help the miscreant who showed daylight between the saddle and his posterior.

It might have been Brussels in 1815 instead of London in 1954, with a troop jingling its way to Waterloo on the eve of the battle. I suppose these fellows are Bill Smith of Peckham, Tom Jones of Cardiff and Harry Brown of Margate who live in fear of the sergeant-major and their wives, but they look terrific to me.

Now we are at the gates of Buckingham Palace. A youthful Grenadier Guardsman with a rosy complexion marches up and down, stamping terrifically as he makes an about-turn. Nor does he show the slightest interest in the Americans snapping him with cameras at a range of a few inches.

At the palace gate a London bobby politely answers questions from the tourists. I asked him what kind of things they wanted to know. "Mostly what bus they should take to get some place or other." There is nothing like a London bobby to reduce romance to its proper level.

In a few minutes we shall be in Chelsea, that sanctuary of pensioners and poets. Old soldiers in their scarlet coats and cocked hats live out their days in good companionship and in gratitude to Nell Gwynne who persuaded Charles II to do something for the pensioners when their days of fighting were over.

Here we are in Tite Street, and there is quite a crowd. I can see Sir Compton Mackenzie who wields his pen like a sword, and near him is Dame Edith Evans who has no claims to beauty of any sort but is our greatest actress. Just beside her with an untidy beard and watery eye is Augustus John, the sculptor. The little man beside him, looking rather like a timid librarian, is the American-born T. S. Eliot, who has become the most successful dramatist in our theatre.

has become the most successful dramatist in our theatre.

Near them I see the handsome face of Lord Cecil Douglas. He has an artificial leg to replace the one he

Continued on page 62





In London's Tite Street, fellow artists paid their tribute to a tarnished genius.



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

In Israel



An Old Tongue For A New State

TISITORS to Israel come prepared, sometimes over-prepared, to be impressed by the physical achievements the irrigation of deserts, the draining of swamps, the building of cities. Equally remarkable, and even more impre-sive because rather less publicized, is the intellectual achieve-ment of resurrecting a national language which had died out of popular use long before Jesus was born in Bethlehem.

Now, within the lifetime of men not yet old, Hebrew has been made again a living tongue with its own slang, its own profanity, its own nursery rhymes. This very fact seemed blasphemy to some orthodox Jews at the outset they were horrified to think that newspapers bearing the characters of the sacred books would be used to light fires and to wrap garbage. opposition, long ago overborne, was the least of the obstacles to the revival of Hebrew.

Israel was a lingual chaos. In 1931, when Palestine had its first and last effective census, the 180,000 Jews reported no fewer than sixty-two mother tongues. At least that many have been brought into Israel by the 700,000 immigrants of the past six years. And of the 650,000 Israeli already in the country by 1947, two thirds had come since Hitler seized power in 1932 and had therefore acquired Hebrew as a second or third language within the previous fifteen years. Those to whom it was a natural native tongue were, and still are, a small minority.

In a way, though, the very mul-tiplicity of languages strengthened Hebrew by making it a necessity. Some common medium had to be found for this polyglot community, and Hebrew seemed a logical choice. But there were other difficulties too, which would be considered pretty staggering by any educational system even without a language prob-

WHEN ISRAEL became a nation in 1948 it had fewer than 100,000 students in the schools from kindergarten to university. Now it has 375,000. During a period when the population doubled the school population has almost quadrupled partly because immigrants' families have been larger on an average than those of the previous population, partly because compulsory education was introduced for the first time in 1949.

Until three years ago many school classes had to be held in tents. Now they are all housed in wooden huts at worst, and most of them in something better, but the overcrowding is still pretty bad. Classes are taken in shifts, with the usual effect of overworking the teachers and underworking the pupils.

Teachers numbered about 5,000 in 1948. Now there are 16,000. About five thousand have been trained in Israel and another fifteen hundred recruited from immigrants. The rest, in the words of an education department official, have been "manufactured" some are the products of emergency training courses, some are advanced students handing on what little they know to younger ones who know less. Many of the "teachers" knew no Hebrew themselves when they started, and some had little formal education of their own in any language.

Just to add one final complication, there are 180,000 Arabs still in Israel who also need more schools, for they Continued on page 51



Proved: A positive way to stop "Detergent Hands"

Research laboratory proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage."



in detergents three times a day. After each



er 4 days, left hands were roughened reddened. Hands treated with Jergens on were soft and smooth. Na other lation



Steadily improved for 50 years, Jergens stops cold weather chapping as easily as it stops detergent hands. Never sticky or greasy, it has a luxurious feeling.



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Give a rugged RUYAL portable

MACLEAN'S



In the Dark Ages monks—sometimes chained at their desks—spent their lives lettering Bibles and psalters like this outstanding example from University of Toronto's Lee Collection. It was created by Flemish monks about 1480.

THE STRANGE STORY BEHIND

the BIBLE

For four thousand years men have toiled, suffered and died writing, changing, translating and printing the many books of the Bible. It's read in 1,077 languages. Millions are given away. One is worth a million dollars. And many scholars who believe its message say its story isn't true

BY FRED BODSWORTH

EXT year's best seller will be a book that took a thousand years to write, another thousand to get into print and can cost anywhere from one cent to a million dollars per copy, depending on whether the buyer is interested in the 1454 or 1954 edition.

ne

954

You can have it, or portions of it, in any one of 1,077 languages, including a recent translation in Tibetan just completed after ninety years of work, or in a North American Indian dialect

that no one will ever be able to read because the last person who could understand it died in 1895.

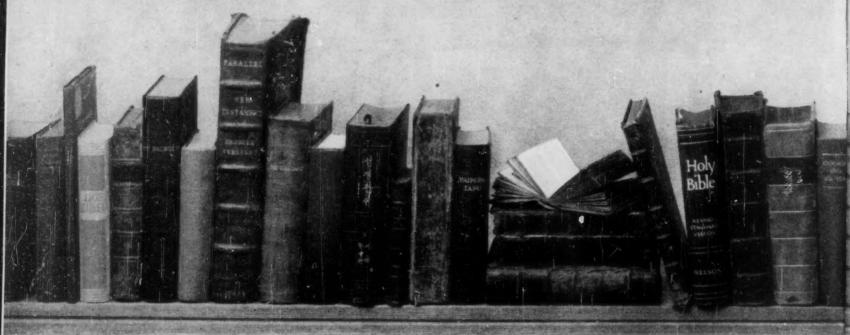
You probably won't buy it, however, because you almost certainly own a copy. But the Holy Bible will get along quite well without your purchase and it or published portions of it will sell close to thirty million copies in 1955, possibly fifteen times as many as its closest best-selling competitor. But in spite of this bumper sale it will

probably lose money for its sponsors because millions will be sold at cost and thousands given away free.

In its 773,746 words the Bible tells a strange, inspiring and dramatic story; yet the story about the Bible is almost as strange and dramatic as the story in it.

Whether you believe it to be the record of God's revelation to man, every word of supernatural origin, or whether you regard it simply as a





It has been printed in countless forms and a thousand

ទំនុកនៃស្ដេចជាវីន ។ ប្រាះយេហូវ៉ាទ្រង់ជាអ្នកពង្វាលខ្ញុំ ខ្ញុំនឹងមិនខ្វះអ្វីសោះ

CAMBODIAN

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

compilation of an ancient nation's history, law and literature, the Bible and the story behind it is a subject of endless interest and striking contrasts.

It was the first printed book and is now the most printed book; the cheapest and most expensive; the most read and best loved; yet also the most censored, censured, burned and banned. Its history is the history of communications itself, for it is the only book that has appeared on every writing material and in every communications medium known to man. It has been written on clay tablets, bark, papyrus, leather, parchment and in smoke against the sky; its words have been carved in wood, stone, bronze and a score of metals, including the heads of pins; it has been printed in Braille, electric lights, on millions of billboards and on every paper known, including some India papers so thin that the complete Bible, four times as long as David Copper-field, appears less than half an inch thick; and it has been broadcast by every means from tom-tom to television. For the blind who cannot read Braille, there is now a "Talking Bible"

—the complete scriptures on 169 longplaying records in a number of tongues; cost: \$169; length of play: about 125 hours.

It is a book whose theme is love and peace, yet its story drips with blood and thunders with war. The Book of Kings, for example, was deliberately left out of the first Bible translated into Gothic by early Christian missionaries around 350 A.D. The cruel and barbarous Goths who had just wiped out the Roman Empire already knew too much about waging war for the comfort of their neighbors, and it was feared that the bloody chronicle of Kings would only teach them new ideas. The Bible has been responsible for countless humanitarian and social reforms, yet it also produced the barbaric Crusades against the Mos-lems and the Inquisition and is quoted as a defense for hanging today just as it was quoted in defense of thumbscrew and the rack four hundred years ago. For man has always found in the Bible whatever he has wanted to find there, and many men have found it a simple task to twist it to unworthy causes.

But the strangest contrast in the Bible story is also its most essential fact. For the Bible which began as an exclusively national book became the world's most international book, and thereby gave the world its most influential religion.

The Old Testament, which existed in some form or other for a thousand years before there was any New Testament, began as a record of Hebrew history and law. Since the Hebrews were a very religious people their writings assumed a strong religious tone and in time came to be regarded as word of God. They were an insignificant people politically and militarily, but they dreamed longingly of national greatness. The central Old Testament belief and prophecy that came to overshadow everything else was the belief that God would send a deliverer, a Messiah who would make the Jews a great nation. Then Jesus Christ appeared, a few Jews accepted Him as the promised Messiah, although most Jews refused to believe it. But Christianity and its incredible world-wide spread had begun. The Christians then selected various writings from the

vast amount of literature about Christ and His ministry, added it to the Bible as the New Testament, and our present Christian Bible had taken form.

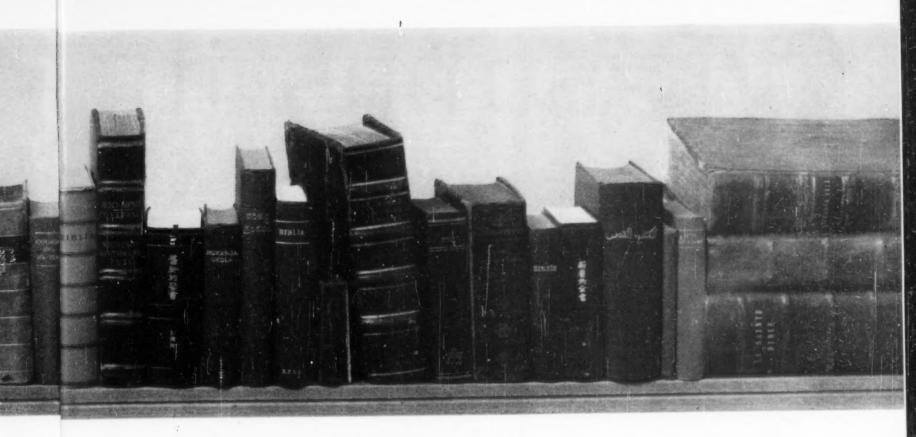
Our modern Bible has been four thousand years in the making. One thousand years of orally transmitted history and legend passed into it; a second thousand years were spent in its writing and repeated rewritings; a third were spent in bitter canonical debate over what should or shouldn't have a place in the sacred pages; and the fourth and most recent thousand years have witnessed its laborious translation into hundreds of modern tongues and its widespread distribution throughout the world.

Today it exists in a number of different and disagreeing versions. The official Roman Catholic Bible is the Latin Vulgate version and its English translation is known as the Douai Bible. The Bible that Protestants recognize is the King James Version, which has a shorter Old Testament than the Vulgate and Douai. The official Bible of the eastern Christian churches is the Peshitta which does not contain Revelation and several of the

На пасовиськах зелених мене покладе, на тихую воду мене запровадить.

UKRAINIAN

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.



languages and written in stone, Braille and smoke against the sky.

New Testament epistles. In addition to these four leading Bibles there is a score or more of other versions and revisions in limited circulation.

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To say that Christianity has carried the Bible around the world is probably a distortion of fact, for it is more probably true that the Bible carried Christianity. The world overflowed with religions and gods when the new feeble little cult that called itself Christianity joined the struggle for the faith and souls of men. The fact that much stronger religions like those of Greece and Rome disappeared into ancient mythology while Christianity captured a majority of the world will always stand out as one of the marvels of mankind. Christianity's strength, the transcendent asset it possessed which competing religions didn't possess, has been its inspiring literature, the Holy Bible. In simple, beautiful and convincing poetry and prose, the Bible set down its promise of immortality and won Christians wherever it went.

Today, of course, the Jews who were its source still accept only the Old Testament as sacred literature and here lies more proof of the Bible's unique strength and power. For two thousand years the Jews have been a people without a home, the blood of every nation flowing in their veins, speaking a hundred different tongues. Yet as a race they have remained intact and identifiable wherever they have spread. Their survival has not

been due to any racial strength or peculiarities, but to the binding influence of their unique cultural inheritance, the Old Testament and its supporting book of law, the Talmud, in which their religion and customs have been preserved and enshrined. It is history's supreme example of the power of the written word.

Aside entirely from its religious message, the Bible must rank as an outstanding book for its literary beauty and charm. Even H. L. Mencken, among the bitterest of antireligious cynics, calls it "unquestionably the most beautiful book in the world. The poetic beauty of Christ's simple but stately Sermon on the Mount and of the Twenty-third Psalm has been rarely equalled, perhaps never excelled. The King James Version's Song of Solomon, in spite of its unabashed accent on sex, is one of the most charming love songs in the English language; and the Book of Ruth ranks equally as a love story. John's account of the woman taken in adultery and Christ's skilful parrying of the scribes' accusations against her is one of the most poignant dramas ever written.

But the Bible hasn't always had the literary excellence of today's King James Version. The gospel writer Mark, for example, and Paul, the author of several New Testament epistles, were not scholars and their writing in Greek was so bad that it turned educated Greeks away from Christianity. *Γά·Γνο σ' «Ι"»; σ ΡΥΔ(Δ) 6.576·ΛγΔ. Τρά* Ο Δ.4Δ. Ο".

> He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

To this day some of their original Greek passages are so ungrammatical as to be almost unintelligible, a fact later translations do not disclose, for translators have had to do their best without footnotes in which to discuss their doubts and uncertainties. But the repeated revisions and translations of the Bible have gradually eliminated the literary imperfections of the originals.

The Bible has suffered from numerous embarrassing misprints and translation errors. One old version makes Eve the first woman to wear slacks, for according to it Adam and Eve sewed their fig leaves into "breeches" instead of the familiar "aprons" of Genesis III. 7. Our present King James Version prints Jeremiah VIII, 22, as: "Is there no balm in Gilead?" Its predecessor had it: "Is there no treacle in Gilead?" and yet an older version had translated: "Is there no rosin in Gilead?" The most embarrassing misprint occurred in one of the earliest King James editions when the word "not" was left out of the seventh commandment, making it read: "Thou shalt commit adultery."

Translators, understandably enough, are still making Biblical bloomers. One missionary spent years working on a translation which, when finally published, had one familiar passage read: "Jesus took the little children in his arms and pinched them." A recent Eskimo Bible drops one letter from a seventeen-letter word with the result that "Nation shall rise up against nation" becomes "Snowshoe shall rise up against snowshoe."

CREE

But sometimes translators have to depart from exact translations. The Zanaki tribe of Tanganyika would be shocked at our Revelation III, 20: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," for only thieves knock at their doors. Friends call out the name of the dweller within. So the Zanaki Bible says: "Behold, I stand at the door and call."

Translating the Bible today is a staggering task, for there are no "easy" languages left into which it hasn't already been translated. Usually the task takes years and it is probably the lowest-paid job in the world, for to accomplish it missionaries must live a long time. Continued on page 26

9

Christmas in



1619 Canada 1954

Herewith a sampling of the ghosts of Christmas past — a letter home, a bill of fare, a page from a diary, a war report, a shopping list, a merchant's ad, a parlor game, even a singing commercial — mirroring the folkways of Canadians and Christmases over the past three centuries

Compiled and arranged by

JAMES AND EMILY BANNERMAN

and beginning in the year

1619

as Jens Munk, a Danish explorer, describes the Christmas spent stranded on the westerly shore of Hudson Bay where Churchill now stands and where all of Munk's party of sixty-four men — with the exception of two men and himself — perished in the bitter cold . . .

"... On the 24th of December, which was Christmas Eve, I gave the men wine and strong beer, which they had to boil afresh, for it was frozen to the bottom; so they had quite as much as they could stand, and were very jolly . . .

The Holy Christmas Day we all celebrated and observed solemnly, as a Christian's duty is. We had a sermon and Mass; and, after the sermon, we gave the priest an offertory, according to ancient custom, each

in proportion to his means. There was not much money among the men, but they gave what they had; some of them gave white fox-skins, so that the priest got enough wherewith to line a coat . . .

During all the Holy Days, the weather was rather mild; and in order that the time might not hang on hand, the men practised all kinds of games and whoever could imagine the most amusement was the most popular ... thus we spent the Holy Days with merriment ..."

1672 The Jesuit superiors hear from Father Jacques Bruyas in Iroquois country:

A little representation of the Manger was made at Christmas. It was lit with many lamps and candles and adorned with green boughs, and stimulated most wonderfully the devotion of such of the Indians as were Christians . . . Even those who were still unbelievers begged to come into the Chapel . . . and they entered and stood staring and marvelling. The day passed in prayer and song, to which more time was given than commonly in spite of the bitter cold. So many of the people, both the faithful and unconverted, thronged to the Chapel, that it became needful after a while to turn away from the door those who were not yet Christians . . . The Christians lingered long before this representation of the birth of our Lord, and their worship of the Sacred Mystery was so tender that to encourage their piety the Father permitted them to continue singing their Christmas songs from that day until the season of Easter. How could one wish for anything more fervent and more touching in a land to which it had at first seemed impossible to bring the Faith!

1745 Captain William Pope, Jr., master of the British schooner Montague, imprisoned by the French at Quebec, writes in his journal:

December ye 25th Christmas—This Day
Some Gentlemen had So much Regard for us as
to Send us a Couple Gallons of Brandy for our Room,
to Celebrate our Christmas with mirth, and forget
our Sorrous, But we found ye thoughts of our mus
fortunes; was so Imprinted in us, that all ye Brandy
in New France is not Capable to make us forget it,
while we Remain thus In Confinement.

1773 Simeon Perkins, a resident of Liverpool, N.S., makes an entry in his diary:

Saturday, Dec. 25th, Christmas Day. I work in the woods. No fresh provisions, so I dine on salt fish.

1789 Simeon Perkins, of Liverpool, makes another entry in his diary:

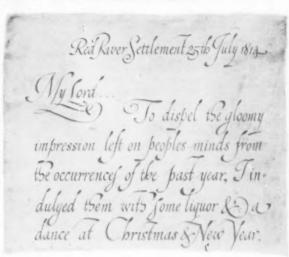
Saturday, Dec. 26th . . . George Collins has an Exceeding bad wound in his left hand, which he got Christmas Eve by a Pistol going of accidentally, at Mrs. West's. he was Sitting, & had [it] in his lap. I have Not Seen it, but from the accounts I have of it, he will Lose his Little Finger, the Bone of which is broke, & the

Flesh and Sinues gone, the flesh much torn from his Rist, So that the Bones, & Sinues Ly bare. all this has happened by a Frolick Firing [of] guns, as Customary on Christmas Eve, how that Ridiculous Custom Came to be introduced, I was Never Informed, or what fitness, or Congruity there can be in Such a Custom, I am at Loss."

1800 Lieut.-Gen. Henry Bowyer, commanding the forces in Nova Scotia, issues a Christmas Day order:

Halifax December 23d 1800 General Orders. No. 1. Tomorrow being Christmas day, it will be observed by the Troops in Garrison as a Sunday in every respect, and the Civil Artificers and Labourers in the Royal Engineer Department will be allowed a Holiday from two in the afternoon, on condition of their taking no time for dinner.

1814 Miles MacDonnell, a Hudson's Bay Company employee, reports to the Earl of Selkirk in England:



1834 An item in the Fort Simpson (N.W.T.) Post Journal reports:

WEDNESDAY. 24TH DEC. This being Christmas eve rations of the best at this place was issued to the people for tomorrow over and above the usual allowance— It consists of fresh moose meat, some grease, Flour and Turnips.

1838 Mrs. C. P. Traill, α bush settler at Rice Lake, Ont., writes in her memoirs:

It was the year after the memorable rebellion in Canada: My brother-in-law had been appointed to a company in the Provincial Battalion in Toronto; my sister who had remained behind with her infant family was alone, and we were anxious that she should spend this day with us, and that it might look more like an English Christmas day, I despatched Martin, the boy, and old Malachi, the hired man, to bring a sleigh load of evergreens, from the swamp to dress the house with, but when all our green garlands were put up, we missed the bright varnished holly and its gay joy-inspiring red berries, and my English maid Hannah, who was greatly interested in all our decorations, remembered that there were high-bush cranberries, at the lake shore, and winter greens in the swamp, but these last were deep beneath a covering of two or three feet of snow. With the red transparent berries of the cranberry we were obliged therefore to

Then we sent off the ox sleigh for my sister, and her little ones, for he it known, to you, dear reader, that our settlement in those days was almost the Ultima Thule of civilization, and our roads were no roads, only wide openings chopped through the heart of the forest along which no better vehicle than an ox sleigh could make any progress without the continual chance of an overturn. We bush-settlers were brave folks then, and thankfully enjoyed every pleasure we could meet with, even though we had to seek it through means so humble as a ride in a rude vehicle like an ox sleigh, through the wild woods, with the snow above, and the snow below . . .

continued on next page

A glorious goose fattened on the rice bed in our lake, was killed for the occasion: turkeys were only to be met with on old cleared farms in those days, and beef was rarely seen in the back woodsexcepting when some old ox . . . was slaughtered to save it from dying a natural death. Remember this was sixteen years ago, and great changes have taken place since that time in the condition of all ranks of people in the Province; now there are luxuries, where before necessities were scarce. However there was no lack of Christmas cheer in the shape of a large plum pudding, to which our little ones did ample justice. A merry day it was to them, for our boy Martin had made them a little sledge, and there was a famous snow drift against the garden fence, which was hard packed and frozen smooth and glare-up and down this frozen heap did James and Katie with their playmates glide and roll. It was a Christmas treat to watch those joyous faces, buoyant with mirth, and brightened by the keen air, through the frosty panes . . .

1843 J. H. Lefroy, a settler at Lake Athabaska, Sask., writes to a friend:

Christmas Day 1843.
My Dear Sabine

J. Arank

your health today with
that of other "absent
friends" in a bottle of
Madeira, "Very particular"
Madeira indeed, for it was
the only one in this cold
water country, having been
brought in in my canteen.

THERE BENEFICE BENEFICE SERVES OF SOLD OF SOLD SERVES SERVES SERVES SOLD SERVES SERVES

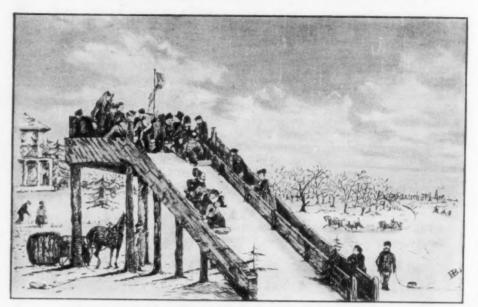
1846 Joseph Conley, a lighthouse keeper on the Bay of Fundy, writes in his log:

Dec. 26, These 24 hours started with overcast skies and wind from the southeast. Snow falling. Sat up last night and whitled (sic) a wheelbarrow from driftwood as a Christmas present for my small son. Duck for dinner.

1850 Harriet A. Boomer recalls her life on the Red River settlement in Manitoba:

Only twice a year could we count with any certainty upon news from the old land. The boats brought our letters and our merchandise in the summer from York Factory on the shores of Hudson's Bay, and dog teams, with their drivers running beside them, conveyed to us our winter's mail. These were the big events of our year, for even Christmas festivities lack something when one has no Christmas cards, no pretty trifles, to offer as cadeaux to one's friends, and although we had trees by dozens on the left bank of the river, which would have served our purposes as Christmas trees, had we known anything about such things, we had no tapers to light them up with, and no oranges or apples to hang upon their branches, both fruits being known to many of us by name only . . . continued on page 53

A Soldier's Album



TOBOGGINING AT P. E. ISLAND - THE START



TROTTING MATCH ON THE ICE. PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND



CURLING ON THE LAKES NEAR HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

of winter fun in Early Canada



A CORNER OF THE RINK. HALIFAX, N.S.

In the 1870s, before TV or movies, our forebears spent their Christmas out of doors

THE RARE sketches Maclean's presents here recreate far better than words the spirit of Christmas in Canada in the 1870s before the days of television, radio or movies. Now part of the Sigmund Samuel collection of Canadiana at the University of Toronto, they were made by a member of one of the last British regiments garrisoned here after the country became a nation.

m

after the country became a nation.

The artist was Henry Buckton Laurence IV, a lieutenant in the King's Own Regiment, who pictured the life he saw around him on his tour of duty here, principally in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. When they were published he dedicated them to the third son of Queen Victoria, who later, as the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, was Governor-General of Canada from 1911 to 1916.

Our great-grandparents entertained themselves with sports and pastimes like these on Christmas instead of movies or hockey games. After a day in the open they returned home to a ten-course dinner of goose or suckling pig, rather than turkey, with a steaming plum pudding for dessert.

The Christmas evening was spent, not before the TV screen, but around the fireside, singing of Nellie Gray and Kathleen Mavourneen. The children entertained by presenting plays and tableaux they'd been rehearsing since the first snowfall.

To climax the festive season our forebears took

To climax the festive season our forebears took advantage of the snowy roads to drive through the countryside on New Year's Day for visits with neighbors holding the traditional open house. There they waltzed and square-danced as another year began.



TOBOGGINING IN UPPER CANADA



What the Holy Land is

THE EASTERN HALF OF THE GLOBE second of a series of on-the-spot reports

BY BLAIR FRASER

Along a barbed-wire frontier Christian sects quarrel over custody of Holy Places, curio merchants besiege the pilgrim; and the only peace is found at an apocryphal garden tomb

JERUSALEM

TO MAN'S LAND, a double line of barbed wire, runs today between the traditional site of the Last Supper and the Garden of Gethsemane. The village where Jesus was born and the town where He grew up are now on opposite sides of a closed frontier; many a man has been shot dead trying to cross it.

The border created by the partitioning of Palestine in 1948 is not quite impassable. With a set of travel documents available to any Canadian you can pass from Israel to Jordan or from Jordan to Israel, but once across the line you can't come back. Thus you can still see all the Holy Places in Palestine, but no longer in their natural sequence. I started in Jerusalem on the Israeli side, so I had to see Bethlehem last.

Israeli Jerusalem is the new town, with the good hotels and the modern shops and the Western bustle. Almost the only Holy Place left in it is the Cenacle, on the sacred Hill of Zion just outside the wall of the Old City, the place where the Last Supper is said to have been eaten. In the Upper Room, a large bare chamber with the paint peeling off its vaulted ceiling and a broken electric-light fixture dangling on a loose wire, my Israeli guide pointed to a short stone pillar against the eastern wall:

'Tradition says that is the stool on which Jesus

sat at the Last Supper."

His tone didn't indicate whether or not he believed this preposterous statement. Jerusalem was destroyed twice after the death of Jesus—in the words of His own prophecy, not a stone of the Temple was left standing upon another. The second destruction in 135 AD was systematic; the Roman Emperor Hadrian set out to erase every Christian and Jewish shrine, and for two hundred years thereafter neither Christian nor Jew was allowed, on pain of death, within the city which had once been Jerusalem.

The Roman Empress Helena, with her son who later became Constantine the Great, traveled to the Holy Land in 325 AD with the express intention of fixing the exact locality of the Holy Places. court chronicler gave her full credit for an astonishing success and Constantine Continued on page 39

A no man's land separating Israel and Jordan now cuts through Jerusalem, seen here from the Mount of Olives.

ke this Christn



It was Christmas Eve and Paddy was five. Into the shadowy wood lot he went to gather evergreens.

READ THIS TO THE CHILDREN ON CHRISTMAS EVE

BY MARY E. GRANNAN

A special Christmas story

telling how little Paddy McDooley got Santa out of a terrible fix

YOU MAY LAUGH behind your polka-dot handkerchiefs when you read this, but Patrick Aloysius MacDougald McDooley won't mind. He knows it to be true. It happened to him, once upon a Christmas Eve, when he was five. He's six now, and has freckles on his nose.

He was born with the heart of a cowboy, was Patrick Aloysius MacDougald McDooley. It was on the day that he took his first step alone that he began to wear a ten-gallon hat. In summer it hung loosely on his shoulders, held there by its leather thongs. In winter it perched jauntily on top of his red woolen helmet and tied securely under his chin. People said his knowledge of ranching was uncanny. He knew how to dally a rope, throw a lariat, hog-tie a calf, bulldog a steer and ambush a rustler. He had never done any of these things, of course, but were the occasion to arise, Cowboy Paddy would certainly not be found lacking.

The opportunity to show his skills came on that Christmas Eve when he



was five. He had gone to the wood lot to gather evergreens for his mother. Paddy liked the wood lot. He liked the way the sun forced its light through the great dark trees to make strange shadows on the snow. He liked the songs of the snowbirds and the whistling of the wind among the pines. But best of all he liked the rabbits who darted back and forth in the underbrush. He had often wished that they would stop to talk with him. But they never seemed to have the time. That's why he was surprised on that December morning, when a plump little cottontail leapt directly into his path and with a chubby white paw beckoned him to follow.

Cowboy Paddy sensed that danger lay ahead, but with the courage of a true son of the range he plunged after the rabbit without question.

He had not gone far when, to his amazement, a big red gate blocked his way. Cowboy Paddy had been in that wood lot more times than he could count among the stars, but he had never seen the red gate before. A creaking sign which swung above drew his attention. He looked up and read.

SANTA CLAUS RANCH.

Paddy's mouth flew open and his breath quickened. Santa Claus had a ranch, and he, Patrick Aloysius MacDougald McDooley, was standing outside its gateway! His eyes swept over the landscape and fell on a rambling ranch house in the valley. There were no signs of life about the place, and he turned to ask the rabbit the reason for this. The rabbit was gone. It seemed peculiar to Paddy that there should be so little activity at a ranch owned by Santa Claus, and on Christmas Eve. He decided to investigate and climbed over the



THE RUSTLER & THE REINDEER

gate and went toward the house. He wished that he had a horse under him, so that he could arrive in a manner befitting a cowboy, but his mother had never seen her way clear to get him a horse.

As he neared the ranch house he could see smoke curling from its giant stone chimney. He could see the flickering light of an open fire making weird patterns on the inner walls. He tiptoed across the windswept patio, and peered through the windows. He gasped in delight. What he saw looked like all the Christmas parcels in the world wrapped into one.

Garlands of holly festooned the room. The pale-green walls were spattered with silver stars. The rich carpet which stretched from wall to wall was of Christmas-ribbon red. The low comfortable furniture matched the evergreens that Paddy had left in the wood lot. The fire flared up suddenly and revealed an old cowboy lolling in a big chair in front of

it. His weather-beaten face seemed singularly gloomy in comparison to the gayness that surrounded him. It was plain to Paddy that something was-troubling the old man.

The little boy left the window, opened the big oak door and stepped inside. The old cowboy looked up and drawled a greeting. "Howdy, stranger," he said.



"Howdy," answered Paddy, lifting his ten-gallon from his red helmet.

The old man smiled and pointed to the footstool at his feet. Paddy went to it and sat down.

"I'm Chris Stocking, roundup boss of this outfit," said Paddy's host, "what handle are you totin', Stranger?"

Another than Paddy might have been puzzled by the question. But Paddy knew how cowboys talked, and understood that old Chris Stocking was asking him his name.

"I'm Patrick Aloysius MacDottgald McDooley, sir," he said, "but my friends call me 'Cowboy Paddy.'"

Id Chris Stocking extended a gnarled hand in welcome. "I reckon I'll have to call you Cowboy Paddy too, pardner. An old cowhand like me would never remember a long handle like yours. What brings you to these parts, Cowboy Paddy, if I may make so bold as to ask?"

"A rabbit brought me," Paddy answered, "but I don't know why. I was getting evergreens for my mother in our wood lot, when a rabbit came along and beckoned me to follow him. I did, and I found the gate to Santa's ranch. I climbed over and here I am."

The old cowboy nodded his head, slowly and thoughtfully. "I reckon that rabbit figured that you might be able to help me," he said, "but I'm afeared nobody can do that. Cowboy Paddy, I'm in a heap of trouble. Last night some ornery rustlers broke into the corral and made off with Santa Claus' reindeer. He's going to be plumb disappointed when I don't show up with his team this afternoon." Chris sighed unhappily. "There'll be a world of empty stockings in the morning, sure enough."

Paddy's eyes flashed. He found it hard to believe that the roundup boss of Santa Claus Ranch was sitting idly before the fire, as if nothing out of the way had happened. "There will not be a world of empty stockings in the morning," the little cowboy said firmly, "because you and I are going to find those lost reindeer. Mr. Stocking, is there anyone on this range who doesn't like Santa Claus?"

"Cowboy Paddy," said Chris, leaping to his feet indignantly, "that's a stupid question if I ever heard one. Everybody in the world loves Santa Claus."

Paddy laughed. At least he had stirred Chris to action. "I know everybody loves Santa Claus," the little boy said, "but we've got to think of everything."

Chris sat down again, and Paddy went on with his enquiry. "Do you know of anyone who doesn't like Santa's reindeer? Has anyone got a grudge against Dasher or Dancer, Prancer or Vixen, Comet or Cupid, Donder or Blitzen?"

Old Chris stood up again, and snapped his fingers excitedly. "You've hit it!" he cried. "The Polar Bear! He's the side-winder who's rustled those deer as sure as my name is Chris Stocking. That bear has been pestering Santa Claus for years to let him pull the red sleigh full of toys across the sky on Christmas Eve. Santa's always told him that the children



love the little reindeer, and that he didn't intend to make a change in his team just to please Polar. Well, if that doesn't beat everything!"

Chris tossed another log on the fire and stretched out in the big armchair again.

"Mr. Stocking," said Paddy in desperation, "we've no time to waste sitting around. If we're going to round up the reindeer in time for Santa's ride, we've got to hit the trail pronto."

The old man shook his head. "We're not hittin' the trail, pardner," he said. "We're no match for that Polar Bear. He's as strong as an ox and twice as ornery. And when it comes to roundin' up reindeer, I'm not worth my salt. I round up toys."

Paddy bit his lip to keep back the tears that were welling up in his usually merry blue eyes. It had been a blow to learn that Chris Stocking was not a cowboy in the real sense of the word. With one red mitten he brushed aside the tears that had managed to seep through. This was no time to act like a baby. He had a man's job to do, and he had to do it alone. He asked Chris to point out the way to the Polar Bear's den.

"It's at the foot of Candy Cane Hill, just beyond the north corral," said the old man, "but you can't tackle that bear



alone, pardner. One of his paws is as big as your whole body."

Paddy smiled half-heartedly as he slipped a knot in his lariat. "I'm not going to fight him with my fists, Mr. Stocking," he said, "I'm going to ambush and hog-tie him."

After testing the strength of his piggin' string, the gallant little fellow set off for Candy Cane Hill. When he reached its



summit, he flattened himself out on the ground. He could see the big white bear stretched out directly in front of the mouth of his icy cave. He could hear the plaintive whinnying of the captive reindeer.

addy put his piggin' string between his teeth. He was ready now to carry out his plan. He hoped that the greatness of his purpose would help him to carry it through. The happiness of every child in the world depended on his success. He wiggled along over the crust like a red caterpillar. His thoughts were tumbling about in his head like snowflakes in a winter storm.

"You know what you're going to do, Paddy. You're going to wiggle around to the side of the cave. You're going to toss your hat in the air to get Polar's attention. Then you're going to throw your lariat, and you're not going to miss, Paddy. You just can't miss, Cowboy."

When he reached the spot he had chosen for ambush, he threw his hat into the air. It spun like a dizzy butterfly. Polar growled on seeing the strange object and got up on his hind legs to reach out for it, just as Paddy had hoped he would. Out lashed the lariat, catching





the big animal around his body. The bear floundered and fell clumsily on his back. It was Paddy's moment. Going hand over hand down the rope, he ran to the bear. He slipped his piggin' string over the leg closest to him, and in a flash quickly bound Polar's two hind legs and one foreleg together. Polar was hog-tied.

Angered and humiliated by the surprise attack, the bear reached out with his one free paw for the hat that had been the cause of his downfall, and with his teeth tore it to ribbons.

But Paddy had not time to worry about hats. He called out to the prisoners. "Come on Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donder, Blitzen. Run for it. You're free, but hurry."

The eight little reindeer dashed from the cave and ran to the brow of the hill. Cowboy Paddy scurried after them. He knew it would not take long for a bear of Polar's strength to untangle himself.

"Yippeeeeee!" cried old Chris Stocking, when he saw Paddy turn the reindeer into the corral. "Yippee, you've done it, Cowboy! You've saved the day!"

"Yes," said the breathless Paddy, "I saved the day, but I lost my hat."

"I reckon you don't need to worry too much about that, Pardner," said Chris. "I aim to tell Santa Claus what you did, and if I know him, you'll find the fanciest hat ever worn by a cowboy under your tree tomorrow morning."

"I hope so," said Paddy. "Well, I

guess I'd better be moseying along, Mr. Stocking. My mother is waiting for her evergreens."

"I'll go as far as the line fence with you," said Chris.

Hand in hand, they walked toward the



big red gate. Paddy climbed to the top of it and dropped to the ground on the other side. He turned to wish Chris Stocking a Merry Christmas. But the old cowboy was gone, as was the red gate, to be lost to Paddy forever more.

Some of you may still be laughing behind your polka-dot handkerchiefs and whispering that Cowboy Paddy must have been dreaming that Christmas Eve. Well, you may not believe your ears but you'll have to believe your eyes when you see how Santa Claus rewarded Paddy's brave deed. So some day, when you've time, drop along this way and take a look at Patrick Aloysius MacDougald McDooley's fancy ten-gallon hat. *





The House That Henry

Behind those familiar blue boxes under the Christmas tree lies a romantic and often strange story of a king's ransom in diamonds, bogus rubies, a lost burial urn -and even a diplomatic scandal



The Old Gentleman descended from a dynasty of jewelers.

BY McKENZIE PORTER

PHOTO-DESIGN BY PAUL ROCKETT

ATE this month (on the twenty-fifth, to be precise) hundreds of thousands of Canadians will unwrap identical little blue boxes. The covers, embossed with a black lion rampant and the twin letters "B," will open to reveal anything from a four-dollar tie clip to a half-million-dollar diamond-andplatinum bracelet.

By the year's end most of these boxes will have joined other blue boxes with black lions rampant in a few hundred thousand bureau drawers. In time they may be relegated to holding hairpins, unmated earrings or assorted foreign coins, but these boxes are seldom thrown away. The reason is sentimental: apart from Christmas, which accounts for much of the distribution of the boxes and their contents, few Canadians go through life without having at least one milestone with a memento from Henry Birks and Sons.

Christening mugs and spoons, graduation watches, athletic prizes, engagement rings, wedding gifts, retirement tokens, all come in the ubiquitous blue boxes. The final gift for many a Canadian also comes from Birks the company sells hundreds of burial urns

every year.

The Birks lion rampant has been at the birth and death of Canadians, marking their joys and triumphs and extravagances, for a relatively short seventy-five years. It was in 1879 that the first Canadian-born Birks, Henry, set up shop in a fifteen-foot-wide store on St. James Street in Montreal. But behind him was an extraordinary dynasty of Birks engaged in the cutlery and jewelry trade right back to the first Queen Elizabeth, who was delighted with the skill of one Richard Birks at "the scyence, craft and mystrye of the cutler." With the present generation the Birks have spanned the two Elizabethan eras.

Henry Birks the first, with his three thou-



Birks Built

sand dollars capital and his staff of two men and a boy, catered only to Montreal's carriage trade and turned over a respectable thirty thousand dollars in his first full year of business in the fifteen-foot store. His son William and his grandson Henry had the happy knack of satisfying what has become the Rolls-and-Cadillac trade and at the same time attracting the patronage of the kind of people who ride on streetcars. They thus expanded the family business to the point where grandson Henry Birks today reigns as president from the company's discreetly sumptuous headquarters store on St. Catherine Street, Montreal, over a jewelry empire that includes branches in seventeen Canadian cities.

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"the With nned The staff of three has increased to twentythree hundred and the turnover of thirty thousand dollars in 1880 has grown to more than fifteen millions.

This gross is aided considerably by the fact that Canadians with really big money to spend on jewelry almost always go to Birks. Not long ago a Montreal woman treated herself to a pair of Birks bracelets at just under a million dollars. Another Montreal woman recently bought from Birks a \$600,000 necklace. It is true that this type of trade, and the façade that goes with it, sometimes loses customers for Birks. An executive of Peoples Credit Jewellers, one of the few large rivals Birks has not bought out in its expansion across Canada, comments gleefully: "They take one look at the doorman—and hurry on to us."

There may indeed be some justification for both the mystery and the prestige which have come to surround Birks. There is, for example, probably no other business house in Canada whose dignified president is entitled to get drunk in London without danger of arrest; or to be hanged, if it ever came to that, with a silken rope instead of a hemp one. Henry

Birks, as a Freeman of the Mystery of Goldsmiths, an ancient City of London guild, is entitled to those privileges. He is also eligible to vote for the Lord Mayor of London.

Prestige, in the form of a "biggest in the

Prestige, in the form of a "biggest in the world" label, also belongs to Birks. The company is not the largest retailer of diamonds in the world, but because it concentrates much of its buying in Antwerp, the world's diamond-cutting capital, it is Antwerp's biggest retail jewelry customer.

retail jewelry customer.

Once and sometimes twice a year the faces in Antwerp's Diamond Club light up at a notice on the board. This announces the impending arrival of J. Lovell Baker, Birks' chief diamond buyer, and adds in French and Flemish that he will be "interested in acquiring some fine goods." All diamond dealers have used the term "fine goods" for stones since the days when a code name was necessary to protect them from informers and footpads.

Probably the real truth about the Birks success story is that the company's directors have been able to devise a suave combination of snob appeal and modern mass-merchandising methods. Somehow, too, a routine Birks business transaction often bestows on the company publicity beyond price. When B. C. gave Princess Elizabeth a Birks diamond-emerald-and-platinum necklace during the 1951 royal tour the future queen told Provincial Secretary W. T. Straith: "I have never received a more beautiful gift." This comment was widely published, and a clipping of the report was given a place of honor in the Birks archives.

Birks' large trade in church regalia and religious jewelry got a fillip when the Quebec government turned to the firm for a gift to Paul-Emile Cardinal Léger, Archbishop of Montreal, after he became a cardinal. Birks created the biggest ecclesiastical ring in the world—bigger than

Continued on page 45

Just ignore these people—
they're on the wrong page.
To see what's going on,
turn over to the next page







MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 15, 1954

FOR MODERN
VERSIONS FOLD ON
DOTTED LINES

Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl

Deck the hall with boughs of holly

Carol, sweetly carol





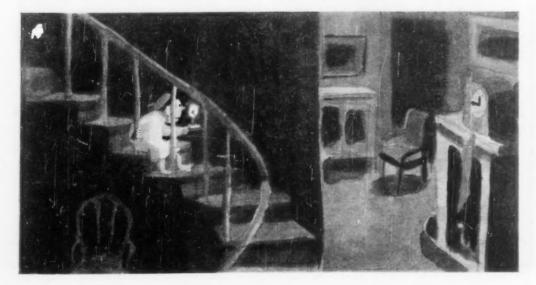




fashioned Christmas cards







MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 15, 1954

FOR MODERN
VERSIONS FOLD ON
DOTTED LINES

Silent night!
holy night!
All is calm,
all is bright

God rest you
merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing
you dismay

'Twas the night before Christmas Just ignore these people—they're on the wrong page. To see what's going on, turn to the previous page







CLYDE GILMOUR SELECTS THE

Movies for Christmas

Fine for the kids is Alistair Sim's Scrooge in the reissue of the familiar Dickens classic.

RUDOLPH, the Red Nosed Reindeer, will be guiding Santa Claus around the Canadian movie theatres again this Christmas and, unless the feature film on the program is one of those labeled "Poor" at the bottom of this column, the perennial Rudolph short will probably be best for the kids during the holiday season.

HOLLYWOOD'S current White Christmas, with Danny Kaye and Bing Crosby, is less charming to look at than its title sounds, but Kaye is still

on view in Knock On Wood, a fine festive comedy for the entire family.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL is back too, with Alastair Sim as the oppressive Scrooge in an overdrawn but entertaining British version of the Dickens classic.

OTHER GOOD CHRISTMAS FARE: The Kidnappers; Father Brown, Detective; Seven Brides For Seven Brothers; the various Disney wildlife featurettes.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop



BEST BET ROMEO AND JULIET:
Director Renato Castellani's

Anglo-Italian production of Shakespeare's romantic tragedy is a glowing and affecting film, so lovely to behold that its visual glories ought to appease the Shakespearean purists who will grumble over some of the scissorings of the text. Laurence Harvey and Susan Shentall are the stars, but the finest acting is by Flora Robson (as the Nurse) and Mervyn Johns (as the Friar).

BEAU BRUMMELL: In spite of the rigors of a deathbed finale which I feared would never end, this handsome comedy-drama about England's renowned 18th-century dude has a lot in it that can be solidly enjoyed. Stewart Granger as Brummell, Robert Morley as the crazed George III, Peter Ustinov as the plump

and pathetic Prince of Wales are prominent in the generally able cast.

BRIGADOON: A lavish but disappointing screen version of the delightful Broadway musical-fantasy. Some of the best songs have been left out, and much of the original charm and gaiety along with them. Gene Kelly and Van Johnson are the Yanks who stumble into a spellbound Scottish village, and Cyd Charisse is the semi-spectral lassie who captures Kelly's heart.

LITTLE FUGITIVE: A slender but enchanting tale about a seven-year-old New Yorker (Richie Andrusco) who "escapes" to Coney Island and has a wonderful time trying to forget that he has "killed" his older brother. Highly recommended

OPERATION MANHUNT: A competent little suspense thriller, with a few Canadians in the cast, about a fictitious aftermath to the real-life case of Igor Gouzenko, the Russian code clerk whose disclosures in 1945 helped the Mounties crack a Soviet spy ring.

WOMAN'S WORLD: Three married couples are put under caustic observation by automobile-czar Clifton Webb while he is deciding which husband will become general manager. A brittle, sometimes disquieting comedy-drama in CinemaScope, benefited by some superb shots of Manhattan and a fair number of waspish wisecracks.

About Mrs. Leslie: Drama. Fair.
Adventures of Robinson Crusoe:
Tropical drama. Good.
Apache: Indian drama. Excellent.

Bengal Brigade: Adventure, Fair. Broken Lance: Western, Excellent, A Bullet Is Waiting: Western, Fair. The Caine Mutiny: Navy drama.

Cease Fire: Korean war. Good.
Daughters of Destiny: 3 tales. Fair.
Demetrius and the Gladiators: Semi-Biblical drama. Fair.
Doctor in the House: Comedy. Fair.

Doctor in the House: Comedy, Fair. Dragnet: Brutal whodunit, Fair. Drive a Crooked Road: Crime. Good. The Egyptian: Drama. Fair. Executive Suite: Drama. Excellent.

Executive Suite: Drama. Excellent. Final Test: British comedy. Good. The French Line: Comedy. Fair. Front Page Story: Press drama. Fair. Garden of Evil: Drama. Fair. Golden Coach: Farce-fantasy. Good. The Green Scarf: Courtroom drama.

Heidi: Children's story. Good. Her Twelve Men: Comedy, Poor. The High and the Mighty: Drama.

Fair.

Hobson's Choice: Comedy. Excellent.

Johnny Dark: Race-car drama.

Good.

King Richard and the Crusaders: Costumed swashbuckler. Good.

The Maggie: British comedy. Good.
Magnificent Obsession: Drama, Foir.
Man With a Million: Comedy. Good.
Men of the Fighting Lady: War.
Good.

On the Waterfront: Drama. Excellent.
Phantom of Rue Morgue: Horror.
Fair.

Prince Valiant: Adventure, Fair. Pushover: Crime & suspense, Good. The Raid: Action drama. Good. Rainbow Jacket: British comedy.

Rear Window: Suspense. Excellent. Rogue Cop: Crime drama. Fair, Sabrina: Romantic comedy. Excel-

lent.
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Scotch on the Rocks: Comedy. Fair.
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The Student Prince: Musical. Fair.
Suddenly: Suspense drama. Good.
Susan Slept Here: Camedy. Poor.

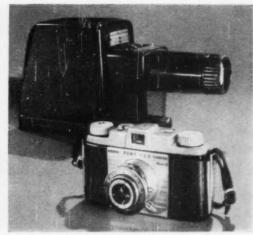
They Who Dare: War drama. Fair. Three Coins in the Fountain: Romantic drama. Fair.

West of Zanzibar: Jungle drama, Fair. White Christmas: Musical, Good,



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The Strange Story Behind the Bible

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

with a people and become expert in their tongue. Many of the Bibleless languages today are languages spoken by primitive people who have no system of writing. In these cases a missionary's first task is to give them an alphabet, a system of writing, then translate the Bible into their new writing and teach them to read it.

There are no grammars or dictionaries to guide the translator. Sometimes there are not even spoken words to cover all the ideas and meanings a Bible translation requires, so the missionary may also have to coin new words. Then he may have to study printing and set the type too, because probably no typesetter understands the language.

Even so, the Bible appears in several new languages a year, and some part of it is translated into a new dialect on an average of once every thirty-two days. Some of the latest additions have been Bangala of Belgian Congo; Luo, the language of 750,000 people around Lake Victoria in central Africa; and Roviana, the literary language of the Solomon Islands of the Pacific.

At the last tally, some part or all of the Bible could be read by nine tenths of the world's population. To reach the remaining tenth the Bible still has about 1,800 lesser languages and dialects to go, 600 of them in India, 450 in Africa.

450 in Africa.

One of the most interesting North American translations was John Eliot's Bible for the Massachusetts Indians completed in 1663. It was a Herculean task. The tribe had no alphabet or written language, and their spoken language was utterly different from anything then known. Often they were hostile. Eliot lived with them twenty-five years, first winning their trust, then learning to speak their language, then teaching them a way to write it, and finally, for the last several years, translating the Bible for them. Then the tribe was defeated by the Iroquois and scattered to the winds. The survivors joined other tribes and gradually forgot their original language.

Eliot's hard-won translation, twentyfive years in the making, was hardly used. Today not a soul on earth can read it, for the last aged man who knew the language died in 1895.

the language died in 1895.

Today book collectors gladly pay up to \$7,500 for a good copy of Eliot's Bible. Eliot was a painstaking translator, but he made one serious blunder. His parable of the ten virgins became that of "the ten pure young men." Eliot learned too late that the Indians regarded chastity as purely a masculine virtue; they didn't even have a feminine word for it.

Today Bible translating and its

Today Bible translating and its foreign-tongue publishing is done by interdenominational Bible societies, supported mainly by donations and legacies. The first, established in 1804, was the British and Foreign Bible Society, which also functions in Canada. (Its first translation was for the Mohawk Indians near Brantford, Ont.) The American Bible Society was founded in 1816. Today there are twenty-four such national groups which

work together as the United Bible Societies.

Who Can Print the Bible?

Once one of the most active, the Russian Bible Society has now dissolved, but the American Bible Society is prepared to revive the Russian Society's work on a few days' notice. The American society began stockpiling Russian-language Bibles in 1947 and now has a New York warehouse bulging with them, ready for distribution in Russia when and if it becomes possible. The American society has also prepared plates for publishing the Bible in all the other major languages of the USSR, ready for immediate shipment, which would permit Russia to resume publication of its own Bibles without delay.

without delay.

When a Bible society prepares a new translation it is officially copyrighted by the financing society, but the copyright position regarding the familiar English-language King James Version is a peculiar amalgamation of unofficial tradition and archaic yet legally-grounded law. When first prepared in England in 1611, its ownership and authority to publish were vested in the Crown. For almost three hundred years

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that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

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the King James Bible has been exclusively published in England under a sort of perpetual royal license by the two university presses, Oxford and Cambridge. Whether the royal copyright applies outside England has ne been tested in a court of law, but in England itself only Oxford and Cambridge and the Queen's Printer, Eyre & Spottiswoode, publish Bibles.

Scotland was independent when the King James Bible appeared and its two traditional Scottish publishers have been William Collins and Son and Thomas Nelson and Son, a right now recognized in Scottish publishing circles, although no one now seems to know whether they were given any official authority in the first place. Canada and other Commonwealth countries have always been supplied with British or U. S. Bibles and the question of copyright has never arisen. No King James Version copyright is recognized in the U.S. where the Bible has been published by numerous pub-lishers. American publishers regard it as in the public domain, but in England the U.S. publication of the King James Bible is looked upon as pirating

Almost every year some new English edition is turned out in Britain or the U. S. There are Bibles with concordances attached, Bibles with atlases, Bible dictionaries, Bibles in comic-book form, basic English Bibles (the vocabulary reduced to a thousand words), "red-letter" Bibles with words words), "red-letter" Bibles with words of Christ in red and "four-color" Bibles with the "Theme of Salvation" in red, "Temporal Blessings" in brown, "Prophetic Subjects" in purple, and "Theme the Holy Spirit" cently a mammoth Interpreter's Bible appeared, with a verse-by-verse com-mentary regarding translation, interpretation, authorship and all the rest 146 writers and editors worked on the edition, which cost a million dollars to produce and consists of twelve volumes But the main credit for the Bible's great circulation belongs to the Bible

Bible societies publish and distribute 20 or 22 million copies of Scriptures a year, about three million of them complete Bibles. Other publishers sell another eight to ten million Bibles or Testaments a year. When the first Bible society was established in 1804 it is estimated that there were only four million complete Bibles in existence; today there are 500 million. Since the first Bible was printed around 1450, more than two billion Bibles have rolled off the presses of the world.

The Bible societies employ traveling representatives known as "colporteurs" to distribute the Bible in lands where it is not available through normal channels. Part missionary and part sales-man, usually a native Christian working for little pay, the colporteur peddles his sacred book from village to village and door to door. Usually the colporteurs are welcomed and honored. occasionally they are bullied, stoned and driven away

As a rule a Bible is sold-for what ever the purchaser can pay—on the theory that it will be respected more if paid for. But millions of copies have to be sold for far less than the cost printing, because the Bible buyers of many lands can pay no more, and hundreds of thousands are given away free where they are earnestly desired by natives who can pay nothing. One colporteur wrote in his report after a trip by canoe to the River Tapajos in Brazil: "It was necessary to receive in payment for the books five monkeys, three parrots, ten crocodile skins, ten baskets of farina, thirty fowls and three hundred eggs."

There are two schools of thought regarding the Bible's origin. According



to Christian tradition and belief the writing was inspired and mystically directed by God, and the authors were Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, Solomon, the various prophets and others. When Solomon built the temple he is said to have deposited the various Old Testament books there for safekeeping; they were later destroyed by the armies of Nebuchadnezzar; then, according to tradition, the authentic version was restored from copies by the scribe Ezra, again with God's guidance.

According to modern-language and ancient-history scholars, however, the ancient-history scholars, however, the Old Testament is a rambling, contradictory hodgepodge by innumerable authors whose writings were edited, re-edited, excerpted, torn apart and put together again scores of times over a period of a thousand years. Finally crystallized into something close to its present form a hundred years or so before the birth of Christ. Modern scholarship and Christian tradition differ similarly in their views on the time and authorship of many subse quent New Testament books.

It has been a long and bitter controversy. On the one side are the millions who cherish the Bible as the world's book of moral and religious authority, on the other is the handful of sceptical scholars who see it only as a garbled collection of ancient writings on history, law and theology. One side sees it as the enshrined word of God, the other as pathetic proof of the limitlessness of mankind's gullibility.

It Looks Like a Concertina

There is of course not a scrap of any original Bible manuscript in the actual handwriting of its author. Scholars have toiled for centuries to find and decipher the oldest manuscripts to get as close as possible to the original version, but the oldest of them are merely copies made in turn from earlier copies. Egyptian papyrus, the fore-runner of paper, of which the earliest manuscripts were composed, either decayed from dampness or became brittle and powdered from dryness. There are numerous fragments of papyrus Biblical manuscripts dating back to Christ or possibly slightly before, but there are no extensive copies of the Bible older than about 350 A.D. when vellum, a calfskin parchment more durable than papyrus, began to be used. Thus the Old Testament was at least 500 years old, the New Testament 150 years old before our earliest present-day copies were written.

There are many romantic stories arrounding the older manuscripts. urrounding The four oldest, most complete and most important, are Codex Vaticanus, written between 300 and 350 A.D. and now in the Vatican Library; Codex Sinaiticus, written about 340 A.D., now Sinaiticus, written about 340 A.D., now in the British Museum; Codex Alexandrinus, written about 400 A.D., also in the British Museum, and Codex Ephraemi, written sometime in the fifth century, now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. A codex is a continuous sheet of manuscript folded concerting wise, whereas earlier manuscript. concertina-wise, whereas earlier manuscripts were rolled into scrolls. The second name in each case refers to the place of discovery or to the man respon sible for its preservation.

Sinaiticus has an exciting back-round. In 1844 a German scholar ground. and critic named Tischendorf was in Palestine seeking ancient manuscripts. He stopped at the monastery of St. Catherine at the foot of Mount Sinai and was horrified to find its pious but uneducated monks were using ancient parchment leaves to start their fireplace fires. Among moldy leaves in a basket beside the fire Tischendorf's trained eye recognized pages from a Biblical

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manuscript older than anything he had ever seen before. The monks told him two such basketfuls had already been burned. Tischendorf snatched out forty-three pages of the ancient codex. The simple monks, wondering what sort of treasure they had, took the basket away from him and refused to let him have more. After days of pleading, Tischendorf was forced to leave with only his forty-three pages.

Nine years later he returned, pleaded with the monks again, and this time succeeded in obtaining only one page with a few verses from Genesis. The

monks didn't know what they had, but whatever it was Tischendorf's excitement made them believe it was too good to give away.

Six years later he went back a third time. The monks again rebuffed him for days and he was leaving, this time for good, when he was invited into a monk's cell for supper. They were discussing the Septuagint, the ancient Greek version of the Old Testament, so named because of the legend that seventy Hebrew scholars spent seventy days in its translation. The monk, wishing to appear learned in the pres-

ence of the great scholar, remarked:
"I too have read a Septuagint." As
he said it the monk took down an old
parchment wrapped in red cloth from
a littered shelf above his head. It was
the manuscript Tischendorf had been
eaching for fifteen years

He copied feverishly from it all one night, expecting it to be snatched away from him any moment. Then he remembered the Russian Czar was popular among monks of the Eastern Church and he tried a new strategy. Why didn't they send it to Russia for the Czar to see? It worked. The monks

finally gave the manuscript to the Czar as a gift and Codex Sinaiticus, containing most of the Old Testament and all the New, became available to Western scholars. In 1933 the Russian government offered it for sale and it was bought by the British Museum for \$500,000.

Scholars worked almost as hard to obtain Codex Ephraemi, but for a different reason.

Vellum was costly and the early scribes often scrubbed old writings from a vellum codex to give them a clean manuscript for new work. The old Syrian religious writer, Ephraem, did this to record some theological treatises, but perhaps he was in a hurry, for when he was finished the original writing still showed faintly beneath his new work. It was the meticulous Tischendorf again who discovered that the scrubbed-out writing of the ancient manuscript was something far more important than Ephraem's sermons—it was an old version of a considerable part of the Old and New Testaments. Tischendorf and others spent years slowly deciphering it.

From such early manuscripts, from independent records of Hebrew history and beliefs, from a minute study of the Bible itself and from comparisons of its many early versions and translations, historians and linguists have worked out a story of the Bible's origin that often disagrees markedly with the traditional Christian version.

The Bible, according to this view, had its dim beginnings in a distant era when even the art of writing was unknown, when civilization itself was still but a fragile veneer just beginning to touch the lives of men. To call it a book is in a sense belittling, for it is more than a book, it is a nation's literature. The writing spanned a period about twice as long as that which has elapsed since Chaucer titillated medieval England with his Canterbury Tales. Its various writers were separated in time and outlook as much as modern twentieth-century writers are separated from Chaucer.

Some time well before 1000 B.C., historians believe, a collection of primitive nomadic tribes wandered out of the Arabian Desert to fight for living space on the rich coastland of the eastern Mediterranean, the land of Canaan, now Palestine. In their own eyes they were a great people and their legends, most of them with a religious slant, grew more wonderful as they were passed on, generation after generation. Not content with a nameless origin in the desert, their legends told of how their Jehovah had freed them from slavery in Egypt. Other legends traced their origins back to Adam, the first man. Many of the legends, like the account of captivity in Egypt and the long trek with Moses into the promised land, have been neither proven nor denied by "scientific" historical methods.

The art of writing probably reached the Hebrews about 1000 B.C. and they began recording their history and legends in writing. Gradually an extensive Hebrew literature developed. A few of the shorter books of the Old Testament are apparently the work of a single writer, but each of the longer books as we know them now is believed by scholars to be the work of a number of writers or compilers who lived hundreds of years apart. Periodically a new compiler would appear, take excerpts from earlier writings, insert some original passages of his own and dovetail them all to make a continuous story. Scholars claim they can scrt out these excerpts in the original Hebrew manuscripts by their individualities of style and by the widely







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differing outlooks and beliefs of the

Samuel and Kings, for example, show the hand of many writers. And the first two chapters of Genesis originated first two chapters of Genesis originated probably five hundred years apart. The second chapter is the ancient primitive account of creation. The first chapter and first three verses of the second chapter, which turn the story of creation into a glorification of the Sabbath, are said by scholars to have originated much later when the Jews were captives in Babylon. Their priests had begun to stress Sabbath worship and Scriptural study to keep their national traditions alive while they no longer existed intact as a nation. Thus, longer existed intact as a nation. Thus, the beginning of the Bible story may have been one of its latest pieces of

Biblical scholars have now unraveled four main documents or influences they believe were woven during very early years into sacred Hebrew literature to years into sacred Hebrew literature to produce the Old Testament. The earliest contributor was a scribe whom scholars have identified as J because of his exclusive use of the Hebrew original of the name Jehovah for God, He wrote about 1,000 B.C. and combined all the old Hebrew myths and legends—the story of the first sin, the flood, the journey through the wilderness—into a charming and picturesque history snanning the period from creahistory spanning the period from creation to the reign of Solomon.

A Violent God of War

About a century later another early writer, now known as E because his God was always named Elohim, wrote God was always named Elohim, wrote a history of approximately the same period covered by J. In the seventh century B.C. the J and E documents were combined into a single narra-tive, excerpts from each linked to-gether with occasional observations ingether with occasional observations in-serted by later writers and editors. The result, inevitably, is a story with many contradictions. Critics say that fre-quently there are two accounts of the quently there are two accounts of the same event widely separated in the story and widely divergent in their facts. They claim that with study the works of the two original contributors are readily separated, for their writing style, vocabulary, beliefs and attitudes differed widely.

style, vocabulary, beliefs and attitudes differed widely.

J was by far the better writer, but his religious ideas differed from those of E who lived a century later and was better educated. J's Jehovah is a ferocious, often brutal, god of war and revenge who periodically came to earth in person—He closed the door of the ark on Noah, ate butter and milk with Abraham, and so on. E's Elohim is more elusive, less violent. And their opinions of the Hebrew monarchy are diametrically opposite, with the simple diametrically opposite, with the simple J worshipping it as of divine origin and E despising it as a symptom of political decline.

decline.

The second story of creation beginning with Genesis II, 4, is believed to be the work of J. So is the story of Noah and the flood. But by the time Genesis XV and the story of Abraham is reached there are traces of E. The Abraham story in Genesis XX, XXI and as far as XXII, 14, is almost entirely E's; then it shifts back suddenly to J. The narrative shifts back and forth constantly in this manner up to forth constantly in this manner up to the end of the second book of Kings.

Most of the style and vocabulary distinctions of J and E are lost in

distinctions of J and E are tost in English translations and become clear only in earlier Hebrew versions.

The next and third important development in Hebrew literature was the appearance for a century or two after 700 B.C. of the Prophets, who were not visited by the attention of the prophets of the priests but rather a peculiar brand of moral reformers and religious teachers

credited with God-inspired prophetic powers. They wrote voluminously and much of their writing came to be ac-cepted as sacred, found its way into much of their writing came to be accepted as sacred, found its way into Hebrew Holy Scripture and eventually into our own Bible. The three most highly regarded were Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, but twelve others, the "Minor Prophets," also won places in Holy Scripture. The last seventeen books of the Old Testament, Daniel excepted, are works of the Prophets. Under them the old Jewish religion of fear and retribution made its first steps toward the subsequent Christ-taught toward the subsequent Christ-taught

religion of mercy and happy forgiving. Isaiah, the greatest of the Prophets, was the first to predict the coming of a delivering Messiah and his reputation grew so great that in later years any unidentified pieces of prophetic writing that turned up were automatically attributed to him. Thus, the book of Isaiah grew into an unwieldy and somewhat garbled collection of sixty-six chapters, the Bible's largest book, and Biblical critics say the views expressed are so divergent that the book cannot possibly be the work of a single man as Christian tradition claims. man as Christian tradition claims.

They see many Prophets writing it.
The Prophets were still in their hey-day when Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon overran the little Hebrew kingdom and took the Jews back home as Babylonian slaves. By this time the Hebrews possessed and carried with them an extensive sacred literature. This

an extensive sacred literature. This consisted of the JE Document, which corresponds roughly with our present Old Testament from Genesis to Kings, and also the writings of many of their

During the fifty-year captivity and the gradual return to Palestine after-



SWEET CAPS

For a very Merry Christmas!

In cartons of 200 and tins of 50

ward the fourth and last important strand was woven into the Old Testament narrative. Scholars now refer to it as P or the Priestly Document, because it is the work of, and represents the ideas of, the priest class then growing in prominence. The religion of the Prophets was a personal and private religion; under the influence of the priests it was now becoming a communal religion of mass worship, ritual, ceremony and law. The change was partly a device to hold the captive Hebrews together as a nation, but once ritual entered, making a priest class necessary, it outlived its original need. According to some Bible historians,

According to some Bible misorants, various priests now began adding to or rewriting portions of the sacred literature, revising Jewish history and law to justify the new ritual and the priestly roles that were developing. Thus another story of creation appeared, glorifying the Sabbath. References to ritualistic elements like circumcision, temple worship and the Passover were—say many scholars—

Paul's epistles helped make Christianity a world religion, but were they all his?

written into much earlier documents to give them a basis of tradition they were not factually entitled to. In this period also the two Books of Chronicles, Ezra and Nehemiah, appear. They are merely a retelling of the history in Kings with one difference—in Chronicles the priest class and the ceremonial system are represented as having played a much bigger role in Jewish history.

When this period of Scriptural revision ended the main framework of the Old Testament was established. But for another couple of hundred years various bits of other writings kept creeping into Jewish sacred literature.

creeping into Jewish sacred literature.
The Psalms are an example. Still beautiful and tender, even after repeated maulings by translators, they

may have been written during this period after the Babylonian exile and not, as tradition claims, six hundred years earlier by King David. Scholars claim that Proverbs, Job and Ecclesiastes also belong to this period of Hebrew history.

Some of these last additions to Old

Some of these last additions to Old Testament literature have little or no religious content and the reason for their inclusion as sacred books is a puzzle. Ruth, for example, is merely a pleasant love story apparently written about the fifth century B.C. It's one of the world's first pieces of propagands, for it is a stirring and skilfully subtle condemnation of racial prejudice that modern propagandists might well study.

The most perplexing and hardest of

all to account for is the Song of Solomon. As literature, even in translation, it is one of the most beautiful pieces of writing in the English language. But it is also a sexy love duet with no more piety than any modern love ballad. Its inclusion as part of Hebrew Holy Scripture was disputed for several hundred years, but it finally stayed. Early Christians justified its inclusion with an interpretation that claimed it to be a hymn describing Christ's love for His church.

The Hebrews continued to produce sacred literature until the second century B.C. and after, but of this later work only the books of Daniel and Esther are in the modern Protestant Bible. A collection of them known as the Apocrypha hovered for a long time on the fringes of Holy Scripture, half in and half out. Finally the Apocrypha books were accepted by the Roman Catholic Church and appear in Roman Catholic Bibles, but Protestants rejected them. The Apocrypha was included, however, in all King James Version Bibles until 1827, with a note that they were to be read for "edification, not for the establishment of doctrine."

Suddenly, beginning in 1827, the Apocrypha was left out of the King James Bible, not because of any church decision but simply on the decision of the British Bible Society. Most Biblical scholars consider this unfortunate, for without the Apocrypha there is a gap of about two hundred years of Hebrew history between the Old and New Testaments. It was during this period that a number of New Testament beliefs, among them immortality of the soul, first took form.

How Letters Became Gospel

By contrast, the writing of the New Testament was probably completed in little more than fifty years. But in spite of this the controversy between traditionalists and historical scholars over authorship and authenticity is as bitter as that involving the Old Testament.

The earliest New Testament writer was a wiry little tentmaker named Paul who spent a great deal of his life opposing Christianity, then became a convert and wrote a series of skilfully persuasive missionary letters—the Epistles of Paul—which were largely instrumental in transforming Christianity from a local cult into the beginnings of a world religion. The first of these epistles to have survived is what we know as the First Epistle to the Thessalonians, written about 50 A.D., probably around twenty years after Christ's Crucifixion.

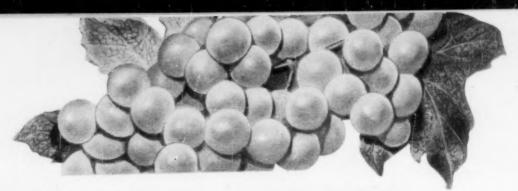
The other Pauline epistles were written over the following decade, but some Biblical scholars now believe that several of the epistles attributed to Paul could not actually have been written by him. The great Epistle to the Hebrews, for example, is not universally recognized as of Pauline author-

ship.
These first Christian writings were treasured, copied and circulated among the early churches merely as letters, and it wasn't until a century or two later that they were placed on a level with the Old Testament books as sacred

There was no attempt to write the historical facts of Christ's life until many years after His Crucifixion—how many years after is one of the hottest of Biblical disputes. For a generation or more the early Christians were content to hear of Christ and His message from eyewitnesses who had lived with Him. They believed from what Christ said that the end of the world was imminent, the Second Coming only

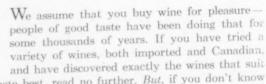


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WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT

Choosing a Wine



your taste best, read no further. But, if you don't know the wines of Canada, here are some facts that may bring you more pleasure.

Canada now is making many extremely good wines. They are grown in Ontario's famous Niagara peninsula. They've been winning international awards recently. They've been earning favourable comment from visitors to Canada. Now, let us not be misunderstood—we're not going to claim that the world's greatest wines are grown in Ontario. That's not the point at all. It's this: our own wines compare very well with all but the very expensive imported wines.

CANADIANS ARE LEARNING

You may ask, "If Canadian wines are as good as imported ones, why then does anybody buy the imported article?" We think there are two answers to that. One is a kind of snobbery—some people are happy to pay more, just for the sake of a glamorous foreign label. But a more important reason may be that people just don't know what a good Ontario-grown wine is like today. How long is it since you've had a glass of Canadian sherry or a Canadian red or white table wine? Of course more and more Canadians are discovering the pleasures of Canadian wines—that's what encourages us to invite your comparison.

OUR COMING OF AGE

So the chief point of this message is simply this: we want you to know that there is a good variety of first class wines now being grown right here in our own country. They're better than ever now, because we've been developing new wine grapes, especially suited to our special climate. You can be proud of them because they're Canadian—another sign that our country is coming of age. And you can afford the temperate pleasure of a glass of wine more often when your choice is Canadian. You pay for no import duties nor for the expensive shipping charges that the import must count into its price. Doesn't this sound like a fair presentation of the facts? We'd like you to try a good Canadian wine in your own home, soon.

The Canadian Wine Institute, 111 Richmond St. West, Toronto

Is the Gospel of St. John an eyewitness story or a legend of Christ's ministry?

months or at most a few years away, and the idea of recording for posterity the details of Christ's life while it was still a fresh memory understandably never occurred to them. But decades passed and Christ didn't return. Slowly the ranks of those who could personally remember Him dwindled until few if any remained. Only then did the Gospels, the four biographical and historical books of Christ's life, begin to appear.

The first was written by Mark, a

The first was written by Mark, a young missionary companion of Peter and Paul, about the year 65, thirty years or more after Christ's departure. It is widely believed that Mark never saw or knew Jesus personally. His Gospel is generally regarded to be recollections of Christ passed on to Mark by his teacher, the Apostle Peter. The Gospels of Matthew and Luke and the similarly historical Acts of the Apostles were apparently written ten

The Gospels of Matthew and Luke and the similarly historical Acts of the Apostles were apparently written ten to twenty years later. Their writers had two principal sources—Mark's Gospel and a collection of Christ's sayings referred to by scholars as Q and now lost. To these were added traditions and hearsay of Christ's life current at the time of writing. Few students of Biblical history now believe that the Gospel that bears his name was actually written by Matthew, one of the twelve Apostles of Christ, for evidence within it suggests strongly that it was written years after the original Apostle Matthew must have been dead. Luke, the writer of the Gospel of St. Luke and also the Acts of the Apostles, was a physician and close friend of Paul.

But the most-disputed Gospel is the fourth, the Gospel of St. John. And the reason is not hard to find. Christian tradition claims the author was the Apostle John, the disciple beloved of Christ. This claim for an authorship closely linked with Christ Himself is a vital Christian tradition, for this is the Gospel upon which a great deal of Christian belief and dogma is founded. It is in the Gospel of St. John that Christ's divinity as the Son of God is stressed and most clearly explained in

His own words. Here too is found practically all the basis for the Chris-tian belief that salvation is possible only through faith in Jesus Christ. But some scholars of New Testament hissome scholars of New Testament his-tory say that the fourth Gospel con-tains historical references, language peculiarities and theological ideas that stamp it as the work of an unknown stamp it as the work of an unknown author in the second century, perhaps a hundred years after Christ's Crucifixion. This would make it not an eyewitness account of Christ's ministry but a version colored by three generations of legend and word of greatth.

Christian theologians have disputed this claim more than anything else in the whole field of Biblical criticism, for in fighting for the authenticity of the Gospel of St. John they are fighting in part for the foundations of Christianity itself. They claim to have traced por tions of this Gospel back through ancient manuscripts to a time when ancient manuscripts to a time when John might still have been alive to have written it. At this point the dispute becomes highly academic and gets deeply into Greek philosophy and the exact meaning of Greek words used, and both sides have strong cases.

Did the Writers Know Christ?

The Book of Revelation, last in our modern Bible, a dramatic series of prophetic visions believed to predict the world's future history and destruc-tion, was also originally believed to have been written by the Apostle John, but most churches have now discarded this tradition. The style of its original this tradition. The style of its original Greek is so different from that of the Gospel of St. John that the Christian Church recognized very early that one man couldn't have written both.

Among historians there is a strong belief that the New Testament Gospels written or even seen by the

belief that the New Testament Gospels were not written or even seen by the apostles or friends who had the oppor-tunity to know Christ personally. Add-ing weight to their belief that the story ing weight to their belief that the story of Christ may have been distorted by inaccurate word of mouth before finally being written is the fact that there are





many discrepancies between accounts of the same event in the different Gospels—Matthew's and Luke's ver-sions of the Virgin Birth, for example and the story of the flight from Herod

into Egypt.

Dr. E. W. Barnes, the blunt and controversial Bishop of Birmingham, whose book, The Rise of Christianity, questions many of his church's (Angli-can) traditional beliefs about the Bible says the gospel discrepancies would be much more glaring except for the fairly evident fact that later editors did extensive rewriting to bring the various

narratives into a pattern of agreement.

Some Biblical critics have also maintained that the four Gospels reveal a steadily growing accumulation of supernaturalism and theology that apparently didn't exist in Christ's time but grew up around Him during the century or so after His Crucifixion. The first Gospel, Mark, is a simple unadorned story in which Jesus appears merely as a godly man. By the time later Gospels were written, however many more miracles, the Virgin Birth, the idea of Christ's divinity and sal-vation through faith had been related,

written and then added to His story.

For three hundred years after the life of Christ there was no collected New Testament as we know it today, only scattered manuscripts treasured by various churches. Among them were many gospels and epistles not now included in the New Testament but then as highly esteemed as the New Testament books we know today. There are at least four other gospel histories of Christ—the Gospel according to the Hebrews, to the Egyptians, the Book of James and the Gospel of Peter, all unknown now except to

scholars, who make valuable use of them as additional sources against which to check our present Bible.

Actually the dispute over what was entitled to a place in the New Testament went on for centuries with different branches of the church accepting different books as sacred. Revelation especially wriggled in and out and was almost excluded in the end. At one stage the Old Testament came perilously close to being tossed out holus-bolus which would have given us a Christian Bible less than a third the size of what we have. During the first couple of centuries of Christianity there was strong feeling that the first half of was strong teeing that the first half of the Old Testament was completely in-consistent with the teachings of Jesus. In addition, the Jews had rejected Christ and brought about His Crucifixion, and many of the first Christians argued they should retaliate by rejecting everything Jewish, especially the Old Testament. Not until three cen-Old Testament. Not until three centuries later did this campaign to drop the Old Testament peter out.

Meanwhile the Bible had moved out far beyond its Palestinian birthplace,

and as it moved from nation to nation it required ever more and more trans-

The first important Biblical translation, the Septuagint, was a transla-tion of the Old Testament only, from its original Hebrew into Greek. Around 300 B.C. a large colony of Jews grew and at Alexandria, Egypt. They forgot their native Hebrew; Greek became their natural tongue, and so they had their sacred Hebrew writings translated

Meanwhile Hebrew became a dead Meanwhile Hebrew became a dead language, understood only by the highly educated, even back home in Palestine where it had been replaced by Aramaic. By Christ's time the Greek Septuagint had become the familiar Old Testament even in Palestine Christ Highest betweet certainly. estine. Christ Himself almost certainly could not read Hebrew, the language of the rabbis and intellectuals. Thus when He and the Apostles used Old Testament quotations they were from a Greek-language Bible that had already passed through one translation.

The next important translation was

into Latin.
About 385 A.D., Pope Damasus began looking for a scholar to study the various Bible versions then floating around the Mediterranean world and produce a revised Latin version that could be regarded as the official and true Bible. Pope Damasus found his scholar—a desert hermit living with a pet lion in a cave near Bethlehem. His name was Hieronymus, a fiery and eccentric intellectual who went on living in his cave for thirty-four years although he was working for the Pope and could have demanded every luxury. Better known now as St. Jerome, this ragged Bethlehem hermit became one of the great names in Bible history.

The Latin Bible he produced after years of intensive and meticulous labor became the celebrated Vulgate Bible—the Bible of the British Church until the Reformation, the parent of our present English Bible, and after almost sixteen centuries still the official Roman

Catholic Bible to this day.

Jerome was one of the few Western scholars of his day who knew Hebrew and could read the oldest Bible manuand could read the oldest Bible manuscripts. He worked fifteen years, carefully translating and comparing the various texts verse by verse. But Jerome, like every reviser of the Bible since, received only abuse for his stupendous piece of work. In every age the general public has been familiar with only one version of the Bible and to them this version, whatever it has happened to be, has represented the inspired word of God, no matter how inspired word of God, no matter how



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many translation errors are later dis-covered. When scholars go back to the original texts and produce a new ver-sion closer in meaning to the original, again and again they have been bitterly denounced for sacrilegiously tampering with the word of God. Jerome was the first of many revisers to whom this happened. The not-always-saintly St. Jerome responded by calling his critics

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"two-legged asses."

But Jerome's Vulgate Bible was slowly adopted by the Roman Church. It took a century and a half for it to win general approval, but after that for a thousand years it was the only slible known to western Events. But Bible known to western Europe. But Jerome, growing old in his gloomy cave with the lion he is said to have be-friended by pulling a thorn from its foot, never lived to see his Bible accepted. He died disillusioned, un-aware that out of his cave had gone one of the world's great religious heritages.

Today we tend to forget that only Today we tend to forget that only since the invention of printing five centuries ago has the Bible existed as the book we now know. Thousands of nameless monks and scribes devoted their lives to copying the Bible for others to read. Hebrew revisers are believed to have altered it freely, but once it was canonized as Holy Scripture later copyists were more careful to see that errors did not creep in. They knew the middle word in every book of the Bible, and when they reached it they counted back and if the number of words wasn't correct they destroyed the copy and began again. Jewish scribes were so devout they washed their pens before writing the word for God and whenever they came to the even more sacred word Jehovah they stopped and washed their whole bodies.

One Bible a Life's Work

For a thousand years through the Middle Ages Christian monks in monas-teries throughout Europe worked at Bible copying. The task was made more difficult and fatiguing by the custom of suspending the parchment upright in a writing frame so that candle wax or other dirt would not fall on it and mar the sacred pages. fall on it and mar the sacred pages. They worked in unheated bare stone rooms and in winter their ink sometimes froze. During working hours no one could speak, and a monk who complained was simply tied to his wooden stool and forced to continue. In old age monks suspended their arms from cords tied to the ceiling so that, in spite of fatigue and weakness, they could toil on

On other than Bible manuscripts the copyists often wrote personal marginal copyists often wrote personal marginal comments that give us clues to their personalities. One Latin theological treatise ends: "The book being finished, let us break the bones of the magistro (the boss)." A Swiss monk indulged in some wishful thinking when he inserted on a manuscript margin: "O that a glass of good old wine were by my side." by my side.'

by my side."

When the invention of printing ended this long and colorful Bible era a complete hand-copied Bible cost the equivalent of about \$120—fifteen years' wages for a laborer. One English record tells of paying a load of hay for a one-hour loan of a Bible.

An imaginative German named Gu-

a one-hour loan of a Bible.

An imaginative German named Gutenberg was the first man to hit on the idea of using metal type for printing. He made his great invention some time around 1450 and there was no question about what the first book to be printed would be, for only one book was then in demand far beyond anything else. It was the Bible. Gutenberg spent four or five years hand-setting spent four or five years hand-setting the type; then the first printed Bibles, in fact the first book, began to come off

his crude presses in their slow order. This year, 1954, is a special one in the Bible story, although it has been allowed to pass with little fanfare or publicity, for it is believed that the first Gutenberg Bibles were printed in 1454—exactly 500 years ago.

Gutenberg's Bible, in Latin, was a beautiful piece of workmanship still prized by lovers of fine books. Each copy was lavishly illustrated in color by hand. It appeared in two massive volumes sixteen inches tall, bound in oak boards covered with leather and weighing twenty-eight pounds. Only weighing twenty-eight pounds. Only

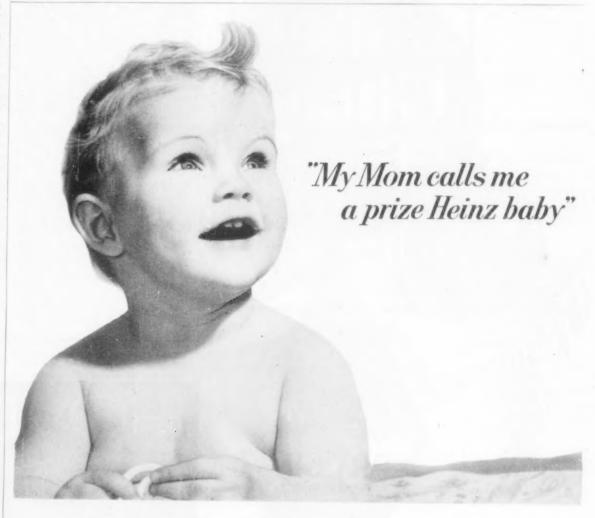
forty-six copies are known today and it is probably the most-sought book among collectors. The last one to change hands was bought by the U. S. government in 1930 for \$600,000 and a complete copy today would probably bring a million dollars. Single pages have sold for as much as \$3,000. Though it seems incredible now, the

medieval church with its hierarchy in Rome forbade reading of the Bible except by priests, or its translation into popular tongues. On a few occasions men were put to death for reading it. The church feared that if people read

the Bible freely it would weaken the the Bible freely it would weaken the authority of the priests and result in a flood of new interpretations. But the common people, especially in Brit-ain where seeds of democracy were sprouting, were clamoring for a popular Bible to replace the Latin Bible which were many priests couldn't read.

even many priests couldn't read.

A few years before Gutenberg, John A few years before Gutenberg, John Wycliffe had defied church authority and prepared the first English translation of the Bible. But the church overlooked it because Wycliffe's Bible was a hand-copied version with a small circulation. Forty years later,



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however, church officials suddenly decided to register their disapproval. Wycliffe's bones were dug up, burned and the ashes thrown in a river.

The next English Bible translator didn't fare so well. Wılliam Tyndale

was an argumentative schoolteacher and priest who once defiantly told a bishop: "Ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plow to know more of the Scriptures than thou doest!" He made no secret of the fact he was translating the New Testament into English, using older versions than Wycliffe had access to. He discovered that open defiance wouldn't work, however, and had to flee to Cologne, Germany. There church spies found him again and he fled to the German city of Worms where he successfully began printing the New Testament. Tyndale smuggled Testaments into Britain by thousands, hiding them in bales of hay and merchandise. Bishops and police worked as hard to intercept them as modern anti-smuggling squads do fighting the drug trade. Wherever they were found Tyndale's Bibles were Wherever stacked and burned, but thousands slipped through. For the first time Britons began reading their own Bible.

Bible-Reading in Taverns

Tyndale never completed his Old Testament translation. Church spies finally traced him to a hide-out in Antwerp, where he was jailed, and on

Antwerp, where he was jailed, and on Oct. 6, 1536, he was strangled and burned at the stake.

Ironically, Tyndale had been dead less than a year when playboy King Henry VIII's marital troubles brought to a head the long-brewing revolt against the Roman Church. Henry wrenched the English Church from its papal control and Tyndale's Testaments were free to circulate through-

out England. Other English versions quickly appeared and Henry now went to the opposite extreme and ordered every church to obtain a Bible and place it where everyone could read. Crowds flocked to the churches in the greatest Bible-reading spree in history. Bibles were even read in the ale houses

and taverns.

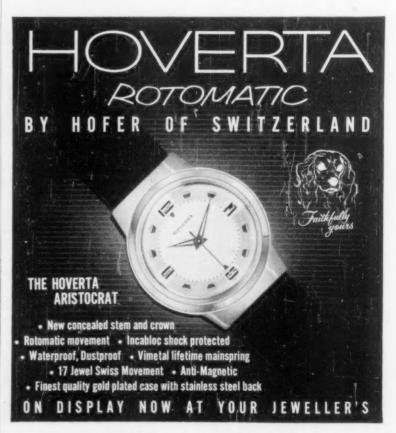
By the early 1600s there were sev versions of the Bible in English, all of them disagreeing to some extent, when conceited King James I called fifty-four of the nation's finest scholars together and told them to prepare yet another version. The scholars studied all the then-known texts and versions and their new Bible was published in 1611. King James actually had little to do with it, contributed no money to it and didn't even officially authorize it, but the printers out of deference to royalty put his name on it and to this day we know it as the King James Version. The fifty-four scholars who worked painstakingly for many years to pro-

duce it have long since been forgotten.

Its simple, beautiful and majestic prose made the King James Version the popular English Bible. No other piece of writing has had as much influence on English thought and literature. Scores of other Biblical revisions have followed it and still appear, but for almost 350 years it has been the principal Bible of English-speaking people everywhere, loved, studied and cher-ished as probably no Bible version ever

was before

It is unquestionably true that the Bible isn't read as much as it used to be. Historical and textual investigation may be undermining many of the traditions long associated with it. Some even claim it is dying. But a demand that takes up thirty million new vol-umes of Scripture a year would seem to tell a far different story.



What the Holy Land Is Like This Christmas

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

built the original Church of the Holy Sepulchre over the site of the Tomb of Christ. Then, time after time as the centuries passed, the Holy Sepulchre and other Holy Places were razed or defaced by invading hordes, first by the Persians of King Chrosroes II, then by the Arabs in 636, rebuilt in some measure during the Crusades, only to crumble again when Saladin restored Moslem control in 1187. So whether or not my Israeli guide was showing me the true site of the Last Supper, it was evidently not the same Upper

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to

Room and stone stool.

As a matter of fact the whole area where we stood has been a Moslem mosque for hundreds of years. Just downstairs is the traditional Tomb of David, sacred to Moslems and Jews alike. The Turks thought the place too holy to be left in the hands of unbelievers, even though the pious King Robert of Naples had bought Mount Zion for cash in the fourteen century. They drove out the monks century. They drove out the monks of the Franciscan order whom Pope Gregory IX had nominated in 1230 as "custodians of the Holy Places" and forbade both Jews and Christians to enter. Even now, by a Turkish decree kept in force all through the twentyfive years from 1923 to 1948 when Britain ruled Palestine under a League of Nations mandate and still enforced by Israel, Christians may visit the spot but may not pray there. That's why no Christian symbol adorns the bare ugly chamber.

Authenticity in Question

Next door, just a few feet away, is another place sacred to some Christians, the Chapel of the Dormition.

Dormition is the word Roman Catholics apply to the "falling asleep" of the Virgin Mary at the end of her life, before she was taken up bodily to heaven. Tradition says it happened

It seemed oddly convenient that so many places revered by so many faiths should be virtually under one roof. I

mentioned this to an Israeli archeologist whom I met a few nights later.

"If you read the New Testament carefully," he said, "you'll see that the Holy Places around the Sea of Galilee were on the eastern shore, across from Tiberias. But from the fourth century on, when the Christian pilgrimages began, the guides found people were too tired to get into boats and go across the Sea of Galilee—or maybe the guides themselves were too tired. Anyway, they moved the Holy Places over to the western shore where they could take the pilgrims with less trouble. That's where the Crusaders' churches ere built, and all the churches since. were built, and all the churches since. I don't think it matters. These places have been venerated for about fifteen centuries; surely that makes them holy by now."

All the same, I was glad to get to Nazareth, where the question of au-thenticity doesn't arise. To stay in Israel while traveling the hundred miles from Jerusalem to Nazareth, it's necessary to make a wide swing back to the Mediterranean before traveling north-east along the Plain of Sharon. In this ancient rambling town of twenty thousand people, I met Father Hand, a merry little Irish Franciscan who is principal of the Terra Sancta School.
As we stood in a deep cave beneath the
Church of the Holy Family, he said:
"If we'd a professional guide here

he might tell you this is the workshop of St. Joseph. The truth is, we don't know. It may have been. His work-shop would have been a place very like this. We are fairly sure, from tradition that goes back a very long way, that the home was somewhere within the bounds of the Church of the Holy Family, but there's room here for dozens of small homes.

"Here in Nazareth it isn't important This is the place where the whole of the Hidden Life was spent and it's a certainty that Jesus walked over every foot of the little town. Whether He lived in this or that corner of it doesn't

It doesn't matter for more reasons than one. Not so much in its churches and shrines as in its streets and homes and people, Nazareth is a sort of monu-ment to the New Testament.

Mary's Well, for instance, has a chapel built over it now, but the water chapel built over it now, but the water itself flows on out and serves the public as it has always done. That's why it is so certainly Mary's Well—it's the only water supply in town. Women still come and carry the water away on their heads; they use empty gasoline tins now as often as earthenware pitchers, but they have probably changed as little in two thousand years as any people in the world.

Except, of course, that they are no longer the same race of people. Even though it is in Israel, Nazareth is an Arab town. In religion it's more than half Christian—the Franciscans think there have always been Christians in Nazareth since New Testament times, and there have certainly been some and there have certainly been some ever since St. Francis of Assisi, founder of the widespread Franciscan order, was there in 1219. But racially the Nazarenes are all Arabs now, all but a handful of European pastors and teachers and a still smaller handful of Israeli soldiers who run the military government.

For that is another wry resemblance between Nazareth today and the Naza-reth of Jesus' time. It is run by an alien master. Nazarenes may not travel without a permit, may not go out at night. It seems odd that the wheel has now come full circle, and that the exiled people of Israel have returned asters in the country where they were Roman subjects in Jesus' lifetime.

Compared with most other Holy Places, Nazareth looks clean. What sanitation conditions really are I don't know-probably pretty bad-but the streets are open and sunlit, the courtyards of homes and inns and shops pleasant and inviting, the people go about their own business oblivious of the tourist instead of constantly twitching his sleeve for baksheesh or for custom. The city's age makes it quaint, not squalid.

And the churches are beautiful. The clean white stones of the Church of the Holy Family shine almost unbear-ably bright in the sun. Inside, the chapels seem dim and cool after the glare without; they are mostly rather

glare without; they are mostly rather plain, almost severe, but the effect is one of calm and peace. The pictures and the statues are cheerfully domestic. The picture Nazareth paints in the visitor's mind, of the Hidden Life that Jesus spent here for thirty years, is one of pleasantly humdrum activity. You think of busy days in a carpenter shop which may, or may not, have been located in this very cave wherein you stand; you think of walks down these steep curving streets, long speculative talks in these quiet courtyards. It is easy to imagine the calm maturing years in this kird little city, and then the venturing forth to preach His message of love and charity even for

I talked to the Arab mayor and town

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clerk; they complained of the restrictions on people's movements, but other-wise they said they had no particular grievances. Indeed, this Arab town in Galilee seemed more peaceful, if anything, than the rest of Israel and

Back in Jerusalem it certainly wasn't

peaceful—not that there was any vio-lence when I was there, but the whole city is split in two not only by the border but by unhealed scars of the war that marked Israel's emergence as an independent state. I crossed over into Jordan at the Mandelbaum Gate which isn't a gate at all but a square in what once was the centre of the city. Now it has two frontier posts a few yards apart, and you must carry your own bags across because porters

Shops Full of Gimcrackery

Going through the Mandelbaum Gate Going through the Manaelbaum Gate is like going into a different world. On the Israeli side it's a middle-sized town of small Western shops, motor-ized traffic, fairly wide streets, sidewalk crowds in Western dress; the only touch of the exotic is the occasional group of ultra-orthodox Jews with their long black coats, flat hats and side curls. On the Arab side, even in the streets outside the Old City wall, it's an Arab town. The streets are full of little donkeys carrying loads as big as themselves, or ridden by grave men with their feet almost dragging; blackveiled women go by with loads on their heads, little brown children swarm all

over the place.

To one fresh from Nazareth the Old City of Jerusalem is a mild shock, and not a pleasant one. Its labyrinth of not a pleasant one. Its labyrinth of filthy alleys makes you think of a Hollywood set for the Casbah in Algiers; its tiny shops are full of tourist gimcrackery, its merchants as importunate as its beggars. Christianity here figures most prominently as a trade, a local tourist attraction to be exploited for what it will earn. I had ordered a guide for after lunch and he was waiting for me when I came out. As we walked over toward Herod's

out. As we walked over toward Herod's Gate I asked him some commonplace question about daily life in Jordan. "Do you know my name, sir?" he

asked.

No, I didn't.
"Good: then we can talk freely," he said. "Do not believe anything the Government tells you. They are all

liars, and besides they do not know hars, and besides they do not know what the people are saying or thinking. The situation here is very bad, sir. Feudalism, that's all it is."

He went on in this vein at some length, the first of many such conversations in the next two days. I found the source of them that he had

out in the course of them that he had formerly earned his living as a spy for the British, reporting on the Communist Party among Palestine Arabs before Partition. He had quit this job as "too dirty," but not until Partition had driven him out of the part of Jerusalem where he had lived, and not until the British had gone home. Even-tually he did tell me his name, but for the purposes of this narrative I'll call

him Abdul.

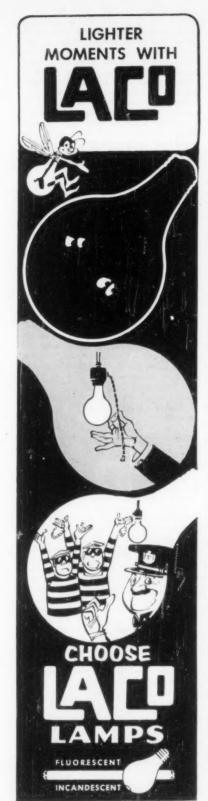
As we came in sight of the wall of the Old City, Abdul reverted to the role and the stilted language of an official guide who has passed his examinations. The wall, he said, ran for inations. The wall, he said, ran for two-and-a-half miles; its average height was thirty-eight feet, and it had been built by the Turkish Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent in the sixteenth century. Of its seven gates, three led into No Man's Land and were therefore No Man's Land and were therefore closed; the other four were open —Herod's, St. Stephen's, the Moor's or Dung Gate, and Damascus Gate. Even though it was four hundred years old, Abdul added with some pride, the wall had stood up to mortar and light artillery fire in 1948.

Inside Herod's Gate we turned right and walked up a set of shallow steps and along a narrow street. Abdul stopped and rang at a high wooden door—the convent, he said, of the Sisters of Zion, an order founded in 1868 by a Jewish convert, Father Alphonse-Marie

Presently we were admitted and led into an anteroom to wait; Abdul whiled away the time by telling me more of the grievances of the former Palestine the grievances of the former Palestine Arabs who, following Partition, found themselves being governed by their despised country cousins from Trans-Jordan: "How would you like to have a Bedouin for your boss?" We were beginning to think we had been forgotten when a nun came to lead us.

She was about four feet tall and her

She was about four feet thit and her English was precise but not very flex-ible; she knew word-perfect the story of the Lithostrotos, the stone-paved courtyard where Pilate conducted the trial of Jesus, but I gathered that she didn't know much more English than that. Abdul faded respectfully into the



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background while the little nun showed us everything: the Chapel of the Condemnation, the Chapel of the Flagellation, the markings in the stone pavement under a Persian rug which she rolled back, where the Roman soldiers used to play at dice. Abdul took charge again and, from

Abdul took charge again and, from the wall above the courtyard, showed me the Temple area, now crowned with the Dome of the Rock, one of the great shrines of Islam. Moslems believe that Mahomet ascended to heaven from this rock. Then we set off along the Via Dolorosa, the Way of the Cross, of which the place of trial and scourging and sentence is the first among fourteen

Brother Felix Fabri of Ulm, a Franciscan monk who made the Holy Land pilgrimage for the first time in 1480, recorded his bewilderment after he got back from the journey:

"When I tried to recall the most holy sepulchre of Our Lord and the manger wherein He lay, and the holy city of Jerusalem, the arrangements of these escaped from my mind, and the Holy Land appeared to me shrouded in a dark mist, as if I beheld them in a dream . . . Sometimes I did not know whether I had really seen Jerusalem or no,"

I can sympathize with poor Brother Felix. Even with the notes I scrawled as I tagged along behind Abdul, even with Father Eugene Hoad's fat blue guidebook to refresh my memory and correct my facts, still the Old City and its Holy Places are a bit of a blur in my mind.

I can remember the stench of urine along the Via Dolorosa, the little mule laden with oil cans that nearly ran us down, the Arab bazaar at what was once the city gate where Jesus fell with the Cross for the second time. Women went by with broad round baskets of tomatoes on their heads; shops along the way offered bright yellow and blue birds in little wooden cages. Beside the eighth Station of the Cross, where Jesus stopped to tell the daughters of Jerusalem not to weep for Him, a liquor store offers Canadian whisky at \$4.50 a bottle.

At the ninth Station, where Jesus fell for the third and last time, we entered a Coptic chapel under the justisdiction of the Coptic Orthodox Patriarchate in Upper Egypt. The Copts, an ascetic splinter group of the Orthodox Church, are yet another of the sects which confuse a Protestant in the Holy Land. Here, according to a rumor widely believed in Jerusalem, the Holy Virgin had appeared about two months before my visit, first to a student and then to a priest. The miracle was not yet accepted by Coptic authorities in Egypt, but the exact spot of the manifestation was marked by a single lighted candle, enclosed in a little gilded fence like a play pen.

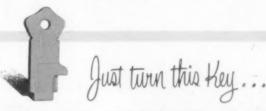
of the maniestation was marked by a single lighted candle, enclosed in a little gilded fence like a play pen.

Downstairs a Coptic altar is concealed behind a curtain which bears a strikingly ugly embroidered picture of St. Anthony, the reputed founder of the Coptic Church. Behind the curtain are a number of pictures representing St. Anthony and various scenes from the life of Jesus; they have some of the quaint charm of Grandma Moses' paintings. A Nativity scene shows a naked babe who looks to be about ten years old, flanked by a trio of bearded Kings and by Mary and Joseph, with the Holy Spirit floating above in the shape of a half-inflated inner tube with wings. On a peg in the door at one side hung a dirty hand towel

In the courtyard outside, on Easter evening, the Abyssinian priests parade in a ceremonial "search for the Body." They carry large colored umbrellas



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like beach parasols, and sing chants to

"Just like the jungle," said Abdul.

"You're a Moslem, I take it," I said.

"No, I'm a Christian," he answered.

"A Syriac Christian. Our sect is the oldest of all Christian communities."

He led the way through a parrow

He led the way through a narrow corridor to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. A procession of Greek Or-thodox students, whose curly beards contrasted oddly with their young faces, had just finished a service and were parading out.

Of the two great doors to this ancient

building one is permanently bricked up and the other is locked each night and for four hours in midday. The keys are held by two Moslem families—one are field by two Mossem families—one owned the property before the Cru-saders chased them away, and on their return they found another family in possession. Saladin, with a judgment of Solomon, awarded one the custody of the keys and the other the right to open and lock the doors each day. Ever since, through the centuries, a daily payment to the keepers of the keys has had to be made in turn by Roman, Greek and Armenian

Christian priests for the opening of

Inside you get a curiously mixed impression of shabbiness and tawdry splendor. At the head of the eighteen worn stone steps that lead to Calvary, two pillars meticulously separate the two chapels, one Greek and one Roman. In Amman, the capital of Jordan, a few days later I met a couple of officials of the Jordan government, both Mos-lems. Guardedly and politely, so as not to hurt a Christian's feelings, they told me that the greatest single trouble to the Moslem mayor of Jerusalem is

trying to keep peace among the squab-bling, jealous Christian sects in the neighborhood of the Holy Sepulchre. There have been times when the priests resorted to physical violence, kicked and scratched each other if one should and scratched each other if one should venture to sweep a corner which belonged, or was said to belong, to another sect. Lately there has been no actual combat, but even such a simple matter as mending a broken electric wire causes protracted and acri-monious negotiation.

monious negotiation.

The Holy Sepulchre itself is in the hands of the Greek Orthodox. On the Tomb of Christ lies a plate of money; it appears to contain nothing smaller than a pound note. Abdul had already warned me not to pay anything to anybody; he would look after it. He put down ten piastres (about thirty cents) which he said was the correct cents) which he said was the correct amount agreed upon between the guides and the priests. The priest on duty smiled and bobbed deferentially, showing no disappointment, but Abdul said he would quickly remove the ten piastres so that only pound notes would show when the next tourist arrived.

The same technique is employed at Calvary, where candles are available to the devout before the site of the True Cross. There, too, only pound notes show, but the agreed rate is seven piastres, about twenty cents.

"They used to show American one-dollar bills," Abdul said, "but I guess they found they could get pounds just

Oldest Christian Chapel

I was getting footsore by this time, but Abdul had one place left that he really wanted me to see—the Syriac Chapel of his own faith. A bearded young priest showed us around. "This is oldest chapel," he said, "Not restored since before the Crushland of the Crushla

saders' time. We are oldest Christians, live always here in Holy Land. This first church in world, the foundation of all."

Just under the altar, he said, was the real Upper Room of the Last Sup-per—the Jews and the other Christians per—the Jews and the other Christians were wrong in placing the Cenacle on Mount Zion. Incidentally, he added, Jesus Himself spoke the Syrian language, and the Church had been founded by that St. James who was the younger brother of Jesus.
"Bemen Catholics was Jesus had no

Roman Catholics say Jesus had no brothers, that Joseph and Mary had no children," said the Syriac priest. "We say did have—three brothers, two sisters. Here also is portrait of Virgin Mary painted from life by St. Luke." The Virgin was represented with the

Holy Child in her arms; was He also painted from life?

painted from life?

The young priest looked at me reproachfully. "Only Virgin Mary painted from life: Infant from imagination. By that time Jesus Christ was big, He was not small." I felt ashamed of my question. Abdul gave the priest seven piastres, and we went back to the hotel.

By appointment, Abdul was waiting for me at seven o'clock the next morning to take me to Bethlehem. Bethlehem used to be about four miles from lehem used to be about four miles from Jerusalem, but that road cuts across Israel; by the only way that's open now it's leight miles. There are two refugee camps along the way, sprawling settlements of tents and tin shacks, though in truth they look no worse than the Bedouin camps nearby,

On Christmas Eve, they say, the whole eight miles of road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is a solid line of cars bumper to bumper. Even the British Ambassador to Jordan was warned, when he arrived last June, that if he wanted to see the Christmas



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ceremonies in Bethlehem he must put his name in at once. But on the fine autumn Sunday morning when Abdul and, I arrived, the Church of the Nativity had few people in it and the

Nativity had few people in it and the village streets were nearly empty.

"A dead town, Bethlehem," said Abdul gloomily. "Nothing here but the tourist industry. The Franciscans taught the people to make mother-of-pearl souvenirs, and that's the only thing they know."

Here, as at the Church of the Holy Standing the Creek Orthodox is the

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Here, as at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Greek Orthodox is the best-entrenched sect. The Grotto of the Nativity itself, though, is "international," to use Abdul's word. An Arab policeman was on duty there, by an order of the Turkish government dating back to 1873. That was the time when an armed band of Greek monks set upon the eight Franciscans who held possession of the Altar of the Nativity, beat them sorely and looted Nativity, beat them sorely and looted the Grotto of its rich brocade hangings and its gold and silver ornaments. Police have guarded it ever since, day and night.

Mass was being celebrated according to the Roman rite as we came in. A group of Argentine pilgrims were pres-ent; one was a devout photographer, who managed to hold a reverent expression and posture while he fired

off one flash bulb after another.

As soon as the sacrament was completed and the pilgrims trooped out, the priests began clearing out the sanctuary. Heavy wire screens were put up around the silver candlesticks in the manger, and padlocked. Abdul explained that it was now the Ar-menians' turn to hold their service in the Grotto, but we went out before that

service began. Outside, the merchants of Bethlehem fell upon us like a swarm of flies.
One insisted that I visit his shop, on
the curious ground that he had a
brother who had once lived in Texas.
On the wall of a shop that we did enter On the wall of a shop that we did enter hung a yellowing flyblown testimonial from the Bishop of San Antonio, stating that Selim P. Michel was a good Catholic who "impresses me as a truly religious man." Selim had for sale a selection of small Bibles in very fine print, encased in garish mother-of-pearl

All Seek Tourist Money

It was getting late. Abdul led me down to the so-called Milk Grotto, where the Virgin Mother is supposed to have nursed the Holy Child. It contains a rather startling picture of this procedure, in a small glass-enclosed niche. Two semicircular holes have been cut in the glass for the convenience of pilgrims who wish to drop coins on the rug in front of the picture. Abdul said the shrine is much patronized by nursing mothers and pregnant or barren

Abdul wanted to finish with me by lunchtime, so we set off along the way we had come. He whisked me through the Mount of Olives, the Chapel of the Ascension, and the Church of All Na Ascension, and the Church of All Nations beside Gethsemane—one really beautiful spot, with its eight gnarled olive trees which are said to date back to Jesus' own time. Then we went to the Temple area and the Dome of the Rock, where I was rather glad to find that the Medleman are equally more

Rock, where I was rather glad to find that the Moslems are equally mer-cenary in exploiting their tourist trade. Back at the hotel, as Abdul and I split a bottle of cold beer, he remarked: "I do not think, sir, that the Holy Places do anything to help a man's faith. They make it harder, not easier, to believe."

It wasn't until I got to Amman, sixty-five miles away and two days later, that I heard of the one place in Jerusalem of which this is not true.

A fellow guest at lunch, who had also just left Jerusalem, asked, "Did you see the Garden Tomb?"

I hadn't even heard of it. Neither Abdul nor any of my guidebooks had mentioned it. My luncheon companion explained that it was a tomb in a garden outside the Old City wall, near garden outside the Old City wall, near Damascus Gate, which is believed by some people to be the true Tomb of Jesus. It had been widely publicized in 1883 when it attracted General Gordon of Khartoum, and its garden was kept up by private subscription, mostly collected in England.

"It's beautiful, anyway," he said.
"You should see it."

I got up next morning at four, leaving time to drive back to Jeru-salem and still catch the plane for Damascus and points East. It turned out to be well worthwhile.

The garden is a place of quiet beauty and peace. Joseph of Arimathea might have had just such a secluded place, and the tomb cut out of the rock is indeed a typical Jewish tomb of ancient time. The warden's wife—they're an Arab couple from Haifa who belong to the Place of the P the Plymouth Brethren—showed it off with a sort of reverent affection, and took me in for Turkish coffee while she







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The Garden Tomb in Jerusalem is kept up by private subscription.

told me its often disputed story

She explained why I hadn't heard about it from Abdul. Official guides are forbidden, she said, to take people to this spot which challenges the official Holy Places. "They may bring people here if the people ask to come, but they sit at the gate and let us take the people through and tell the story."

people through and tell the story."

The story isn't particularly plausible. It's documented by various bits of chapter and verse in the New Testament, but the whole thing is too glib—it's like the arguments which prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Professor R. A. S. Macalister, a noted archeologist of the Holy Land, has some acid things to say about it in his history of civilization in Palestine:

"It is deplorable that Moslems should be obliged to guard Christians from fellow Christians in this Church (of the Holy Sepulchre) . . . but it is

nothing but fatuity to protest against these blemishes by exalting an insignificant third-century rock tomb into the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, by wasting good building material in laying out an imaginary restoration of Joseph's Garden, and by squandering hundreds of pounds (which would have been so welcome for scientific exploration!) on acquiring and maintaining the resulting outrage on common sense. The cult of the so-called 'Gordon's Tomb' is mere sentimentalism, without an atom of historical actuality behind it."

All that may be so—probably is so. Nevertheless it seemed worthwhile, to one disenchanted pilgrim, that the Holy City of Jerusalem should con-tain one monument to Jesus of Nazareth which does no violence to His memory. Here at least, in all Jerusalem, it is easier and not harder to believe.



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The House That Henry Birks Built

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

the Pope's. It contains an enormous amethyst surrounded by diamonds, set in an engraved platinum mounting more than an inch thick, and equipped with a hinge so that it can be worn outside a glove. Birks and everyone else concerned are reluctant to discuss the cost of the ring, but it is known to run to five figures. It was the most expensive ring of its type ever made by Birks.

Birks is always discreetly vague about such private sales, and never discloses the name of a customer. A Birks salesgirl found out why when she unthinkingly broke the rule. She saw the father of a girl friend in the store and learned that he had just bought a bracelet for three thousand dollars. That night she asked her friend: "How did your mother like the bracelet your father bought her today?" The bracelet unhappily was not for mother.

For every sale thus reminiscent of de Maupassant, Birks records a hundred in the key of O. Henry. A down-to-earth little man prices a small trophy cup, explaining, "It's for the winner of a sort of race our club is helding, a sub-hit shace or motor. holding, a rabbit chase on motor-cycles." A brisk sales manager orders a miniature silver vacuum cleaner.
"We're holding a contest among our
door-to-door salesmen," he reveals.
Birks' insignia department has supplied articles ranging from plaques to identify foreign embassies to service-club badges, from a bishop's crozier to mascots for teen-agers' hot rods. The Calgary Stampede goes to Birks for its sombrero crests.

The show windows set in the bronze and marble exterior of a typical Birks store are invariably an Aladdin's Cave of tiaras, eighteenth-century candlesticks, beaten silver, bone China, Mo-rocco leather, crocodile skin, costly personal notepaper at \$250 per thousand sheets. Inside, however, amid mahogany walls, marble pillars, plateglass showcases and inch-thick carpets it is possible to find even the sort of costume jewelry that may be bought at the gift counter of any good depart-

ment store. Birks' s Birks' stores are happy hunting grounds for elderly women who live militantly in the past. They know that at Birks the clerks will not stare blankly when asked for a muffineer, but will promptly produce the required sugar dredger. And it is a matter of routine dredger. And it is a matter of routine knowledge to a Birks assistant that the lowly term, "potato ring"—derived from the fact the article was invented in Ireland—is still occasionally applied to those dish rings that keep hot tureens away from polished table toos. table tops.

The first Henry Birks, who set the

"carriage trade only" policy, once had to scurry across the floor of his Montreal store and whisper to a clerk: "A lady over there has just asked me for a brass curate not more than two feet high. Is she mad or am I ignorant?" The clerk replied: "I'm afraid you're ignorant, sir. She's using an old English term for a cake stand"

ignorant, sir. She's using an old English term for a cake stand."

Most members of the Birks sales staff start on the floor in their teens. Statistics show that if the average male ctark stays seven years he stays for life. Birks gives financial help to many clerks who take a correspond-ence course to become registered jewelers. Among other things they must learn the history of jewelry from the

Torontonians fascinated by the charm of old-world Britain!



"It is 27 years since we were last in Britain and we were charmed by the serenity of the countryside and the friendliness of the people ", writes Mr. E. Baker of Toronto, shown above with Mrs. Baker, talking on the Church Steps at Minehead, Somerset, with one of the oldest inhabitants.

"We were genuinely surprised, once we were in Britain, that costs are so low" says Mrs. Baker. "We picked up some wonderful bargains in the shops. Food everywhere is very good and plentiful. Our regret is that we were unable to stay longer' Why don't you plan now to visit

travel agent, or write for literature and full information to: THE BRITISH TRAVEL ASSOCIATION

DEPT, MM/II

Britain next year, whether you fly or

take time to enjoy a leisurely sea

voyage? For details, consult your

90 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Ont.

New! This lovely "Tuxedo Top" electric range by Perfection features the wonderful new griddle-in-the-middle. Perfection Stove Company, 7526-J Platt Avenue, Cleveland 4, Ohio.

AVAILABLE IN CANADA



Two bracelets were sent to the embassy; only one came back. Who was the thief?

days when cave men hung colored pebbles around their necks and they must pass written examinations supervised by local university professors. The Gemological Institute of America sets the courses.

A much stiffer course is set by the American Gem Society which admits to its ranks only top-flight experts who buy, sell and value the most costly stones and metals. The examinee must obtain a hundred percent on the tests. Passing the first makes him a registered jeweler and the second a certified gemologist. Birks employs half the certified gemologists in Canada.

Rubies are Cheap in Bombay

Birks employees, whether they have degrees or not, are constantly reminded of their duty to the customer. One company leaflet says: "When an unusual request is made . . . we avoid blunt refusal and the customer is impressed with our desire to oblige."

The trust and confidence of patrons are sometimes a source of embarrassment to Birks when its gem experts have to break bad news to people who have finally decided to dispose of "fabulously valuable" heirlooms. Lovell Baker, a dark, amiable man in his early sixties who is Birks' chief diamond buyer and jewelry expert, must diplomatically explain that the intricate designs in precious-metal lockets, rings and pendants of grandmother's day are worth only their weight; and worse, that the stones of old jewelry

are so badly cut by today's standards that, even when big, they bring low prices.

Baker also must shatter the dreams of wealth of travelers who return to Canada with "fortunes in stones" they obtained for a song in a Bombay backalley bazaar. One woman went to Baker with half a dozen rubies she had bought in India—the source of most rubies. She said she had paid more than a hundred dollars each for them. Baker had to tell her they weren't worth five dollars each. Just after the last war, however, an English sea captain brought in a purse full of rubies he'd bought in Ceylon. During the war his ship had been sunk by a German raider. When the captain was picked up from an open boat his rubies were concealed in a heel of his shoe. During three years in a German POW camp his rubies were hidden successfully in the wooden back of his hairbrush. Baker gave him three thousand dollars for them, twice the original price. A Birks customer bought them on the strength of their romantic story and had them set in a bracelet.

and had them set in a bracelet.

For a firm that deals in small articles of great value, Birks has had few thefts or attempted thefts. On one memorable occasion however a foreign ambassador to Ottawa stole a Birks bracelet. He asked Birks' Ottawa branch to send up to his embassy two bracelets, one of which he would choose. The bracelets, each worth about two thousand dollars, were sent, and the next day one was returned by the ambassador's chauffeur with the message that His





Excellency had decided not to buy it.
"Then where's the other?" he was asked. "Should there be two?" the chauffeur replied in surprise.

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When enquiries were made at the embassy the ambassador swore he had received only one bracelet. Further enquiries showed that he had positively received two. But the ambassador was adamant in his denial. Birks made discreet approaches to the Canadian Department of External Affairs and to the ambassador's government. Hands were held up in horror. No action must be taken. Good relations between the two countries were worth more than a bracelet. Diplomatic immunity must apply even to ambassadorial larceny.

apply even to ambassadorial larceny.

Birks sat back helpless. Henry Birks, now president, was so angry that by told the story in a raised voice in the St. James's Club, Montreal. "That's slander," said one member. "You could be sued." Replied Birks: "That's exactly what I want. If I can't sue him he must sue me. Then the whole story will come out." But it never has come out publicly until this day. A few years later the ambassador died. His widow opened a strongbox to which only the ambassador had had access. There was the bracelet. She returned it to Birks without comment.

Ticket for an Aged Watch

The firm was most heavily exposed to robbery during a fire at the Montreal store in 1908. When the blaze was at its height three men, posing as clerks who had been told to rescue some watches, tried unsuccessfully to get past the police cordon. A woman tried to get by, crying: "I have a valuable watch in there for repair, and I'm going to get it." Two men were caught attempting to climb through a back window. A Montreal theatrical costumer, aware of the fire in progress, was sharp enough to refuse a man who came into his store in a hurry and asked to rent a fireman's costume. As a policeman of those days remarked, "It was like trying to guard an apple orchard from a reform-school picnic." Yet Birks succeeded. Losses amounted to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, all from fire, and were covered by insurance.

In a company as old as Birks, past and present tend inevitably to mingle. Thus a transaction begun on Oct. 12, 1901, caused no comment when it was completed a little more than a third of a century later. On the former date Mrs. I. A. L. Strathy, of 206 Cote des Neiges Road, Montreal, left a watch to be repaired at Birks. On Oct. 27, 1934, one of her descendants presented the ticket for recovery of the watch. Impassively the assistant removed the watch from a numbered hook on which it had received ten thousand three hundred and forty-four daily polishes and charged the claimant the sum inscribed on its yellowing 1901 ticket; \$4.50

The longest Birks transaction on record was completed when president Henry Birks last August received a letter which caused him to call an emergency board meeting.

emergency board meeting.

The letter informed Birks that during the 1837 uprising of Lower Canada under Papineau a rebel named J. C. Chenier had been shot by British redcoats at St. Eustache, about fifteen miles northwest of Montreal. He had received a battleground burial in unconsecrated earth. In 1885, forty-eight years later, his remains were disinterred by surviving supporters of Papineau, cremated, placed in an urn bought from Birks, and carried to the cemetery on Cote des Neiges Road, Montreal, for a martyr's re-burial. For some reason, the letter said, probably because the Catholic church in Quebec had opposed the rebellion, the Montreal cemetery authorities refused permission for the remains to be reinterred.

interred.

Nobody then had known what to do with the urn. Finally, because their name was on it, Birks were asked to take care of it until a solution was reached. It went into Birks' vaults and was forgotten for seventy years.

The signatory to last August's letter explained that he was married to a descendant of a man who had been

The signatory to last August's letter explained that he was married to a descendant of a man who had been mayor of St. Eustache at the time of the rebellion and had fought against the redcoats with Chenier. Could he please, he added, have the urn back for re-burial under the auspices of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, a Quebec Catholic organization?

Birks directors were questioned but none knew anything about the urn. Then Birks vaults were searched and the urn was found. For some weeks it stood in a cardboard box in one of the Birks offices, much to the dismay



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Sherry

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Try Sparkling Canada Dry Water today. See for yourself the terrific difference. And here's a tip . . . before . . . before it's empty why not pick up a few more bottles today!

Spankling
CANADA DRY
WATER



In Antwerp diamond buyers take their pick from envelopes filled with gems

of a stenographer whose desk was nearby. At last, after Birks had carefully checked the credentials of the letterwriter, the urn was sent to him at St. Eustache, carefully wrapped and inscribed with the comment: "No charge."

The term "exclusive" when applied to Birks wares is often factual statement rather than advertising hyperbole, for the simple reason that Birks manufactures much of what the firm sells, particularly in silverware and investors.

Four hundred men work in the silverware factory across the street from Birks' Montreal store. About seventy men work in the precious-jewelry factory over the Montreal store—including Turks, East Indians, Germans, Italians, Belgians, Swiss and English, besides the Canadian majority.

Jewelry designer Herman Gutknecht says: "Good jewelers are rarer than the gems they handle. When a jeweler dies or retires we sometimes have to scour the world for a replacement. It's more of a vocation than a job. I can usually tell by a man's face whether he's got what it takes. I can't explain it. It's something under his skin and in his eyes."

Every year Gutknecht visits Europe and New York to check trends in design. There is constant rivalry between the two localities. Innovations on the one side influence the other. Right now, he says, the flowing design is favored. This means that people prefer brooches, rings, clips and buckles set in loose loops, knots and bows of platinum rather than compact masses of densely clustered stones.

Now in his fifties, Gutknecht is an

Now in his fifties, Gutknecht is an elegant slender man six feet three inches tall. Born and trained in Switzerland he joined Birks in 1927 and is a director of the company. As such he is on intimate terms with many wealthy clients and this has thrust him into the role of unofficial—and unorthodox—salesman of upper-bracket jewelry.

Through Montreal's social grapevine Gutknecht once heard that a man he knew had twelve thousand dollars lying idle and was toying with the idea of a gift to his wife. When next he met this man Gutknecht said: "I am making a bracelet for your wife." The man replied with surprise: "I haven't

ordered any bracelet." Gutknecht answered: "I know, but I'm making one just the same."

For three months Gutknecht reported progress on the bracelet and was unabashed when the man said he had no intention of buying it. After that the man started getting interested in the bracelet and asked to see its design. But Gutknecht wouldn't show it.

In six months the bracelet was ready. Gutknecht called on the man, beckoned him out to a swimming pool, and produced in the reflection of sun and water a bracelet that was almost blinding in its lustre. The man bought it on the spot. "The secret of selling jewelry." says Gutknecht, "is to create an ardent desire for it in the customer's mind."

No Haggling over Diamonds

When Birks is the customer, however, caution rather than "ardent desire" is the watchword. Lovell Baker, the diamond buyer, who started as a messenger boy, has made more than fifty trans-Atlantic voyages in his hunt for diamonds. Often he spends a million dollars in Antwerp, then moves on to the secondary diamond-cutting cities of Amsterdam, Tel Aviv and Johannesburg and spends another half-million dollars in each place.

In Antwerp Baker meets by appointment the emissaries of a score of diamond-cutting firms in a private room of the Diamond Club. Each emissary, to protect himself from accusations of theft or substitution, brings from his boss a sealed and numbered envelope containing a collection of stones.

No haggling follows. There is not even any talk. Baker breaks the seal of the envelope and pours the stones out on a tray. He then examines each stone with an eyeglass under a strong light. Usually he rejects seven stones out of ten because they have a faint yellow tinge or flaws, or are inexpertly cut. (In some cases eighty percent of a diamond's worth lies in the cutting.)

After making his choice Baker puts the selected stones in a second envelope, seals it, writes the amount of his bid on the outside and signs his name. He then seals the rejected stones in the original envelope and signs his name on the back. The emissary then takes the envelopes to the diamond cutter.



If the diamond cutter turns down Baker's bid Baker hears no more about it. But if the bid is accepted the stones are returned, still sealed, to an official of the Diamond Club. The official breaks the seal, weighs the stones and announces their caratage and the price offered on the notice board. This helps the Diamond Club members to keep close tabs on demand and prices. After this Baker pays for and receives the stones, insures them, and forwards them by registered mail to Birks head-quarters store in Montreal. Once he mailed \$250,000 worth in a single package. Birks has always found the registered mail safe.

and he

registered mail safe.

There is no import duty on diamonds in Canada. The original Henry Birks saw to that. When Laurier's Government was considering imposing one he went to Ottawa and got himself admitted to a cabinet meeting. He took from his trousers pocket a fistful of diamonds and poured them on the table in front of the astonished members: "There's a million dollars' worth there," he said, "of the most easily concealed wealth in the world. Your proposed tax on diamonds is impractical because it's uncollectible." The

idea was dropped.

The first Henry Birks was a nonconformist churchman, a teetotaler and
nonsmoker, a man of simple tastes and
thrifty habits, a staunch supporter of
"the Empire" and an ardent reserve
officer as a young man in the Victoria
Rifles of Canada. He could look back
on forty-seven ancestors whose names
were inscribed in the Court Rolls of
the Ancient Company of Cutlers in
Sheffield, England, one of the earliest
of the medieval trade guilds and still
in existence.

in existence.

The first known ancestor of the Canadian Birks was one Richard Birks, whose work was bought by Elizabeth I. Then there was a Thomas Birks, whose patron was James I, and a William Birks, who made silverware for Charles II. William Birks' trademark was a church warden's pipe. This mark now belongs to Birks of Canada and is stamped on their best silver. After William Birks there was a Jonathon Birks, who was Master of the Ancient Company of Cutlers in the days of Good Queen Anne. Yet another William Birks was Master of the Company in 1795.

Into this family, at Wombwell Hall, near Sheffield, was born a John Birks who broke with family tradition and became a druggist. In 1832 he emigrated to Canada and set up a drugstore on Montreal's St. James Street.

Two of the three children John Birks brought out from England died in the cholera epidemic that ravaged Montreal in the 1830s. But Henry, his first Canadian-born child, grew up a stalwart lad. Henry, who was later to become the family's "Old Gentleman," was apprenticed to Savage and Lyman, Montreal jewelers. Savage and Lyman prospered for years on business with



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TO THE CANADIAN TASTE

Montreal society, but in the 1870s the firm failed, partly because Imperial Army garrisons, whose officers were the main customers, were withdrawn from Montreal

When the Old Gentleman set up in When the Old Gentleman set up in business for himself on St. James Street in 1879 with three thousand dollars capital, he instituted three principles then new to the jewelry trade: spot cash for all purchases; one price to all customers; no haggling. In his first twelve months of business the Old Gentleman turned over his stock seven times, then a Canadian jewelry-trade. times, then a Canadian jewelry-trade

He had to be respectful to Montreal's

He had to be respectful to Montreal's wealthy families but he never bowed under a slight. One day when he was holding his first and last auction sale, to get rid of some surplus watches, the scion of a big Montreal family pushed his way behind the curtain separations the testing the second series of the second series the second series of the s his way behind the curtain separating the stock from the customers. William H. Lavers, the boy assistant, commonly known as Billy, asked him to return to the customers' part of the store. But the visitor was drunk. He picked up a sword. Unsheathing it he struck Billy across the mouth with the scabbard. Then he ran away.

That night Henry Birks penned a caustic note to the intruder's parents Next day the family's lawyers offered Billy fifty dollars to keep his mouth shut. The Old Gentleman stepped forward and said: "Mr. Lavers will forward and said: "Mr. Lavers will not connive in a criminal offense for a paltry fifty dollars."

"How much?" asked the lawyers.
"One thousand dollars," said Birks.
The lawyers bowed in agreement and turned to go. As they left up spoke

Billy:
"To be paid," he said, "by noon tomorrow, in the name of William H. Lavers Esquire, to Montreal General Hospital." The hospital benefited. The young man's family continued to patronize Birks. To this day their descendants still do. Before he died in 1915 Bills, Lavers bearing. 1915 Billy Lavers became managing director of the Montreal store.

By the turn of the century Henry Birks had more than two hundred employees in a big new store on St. Catherine Street and Phillips Square. He had also admitted as equal partners his three sons, Gerald W., known as "the Colonel," John Henry, known as "Mister Henry," and William Massey, known as "Mister W. M." The Colonel, the youngest, was in

charge of advertising. In spite of a tubercular hip he went overseas in World War I as a colonel in command of the Canadian Military YMCA. After 1918 he retired from the company and devoted his life to YMCA welfare work. Mister Henry was responsible for starting the company's silver factory. Mister W. M. was the driving force behind the many amalgamations and exten-sions which over the next thirty years established Birks in seventeen Canadian cities.

The biggest amalgamation came in 1905 when Mister W. M. and his brothers went into partnership with the Ellis and Ryrie brothers in Toronto.

the Ellis and Ryrie brothers in Toronto. Though the main Toronto store is now owned wholly by Henry Birks and Sons, an Ellis is still in command.

When the Old Gentleman died in 1928 Mister W. M. became president. He lived on an old seigneury at Mount Bruno, eighteen miles south of Montreal, and on Sundays read the lesson in a family chapel made from an old mill. He wrote a book on church architecture and helped to found the United Church of Canada through the United Church of Canada through the fusion of nonconformist theological colleges at McGill, on whose board

Though he spoke French almost as well as English, he got on bad terms





with Montreal's French-speaking society during the 1917 conscription crisis. In spite of the firm's important business in Catholic church regalia he said in a public speech: "The exclusive and extreme provincialism that has been shown in the province of Quebec is neither national, imperial nor international but ecclesiastical and tribal and sometimes I despair of it." But every year Birks still does a big business in Catholic church regalia.

Some years before his death Mister

Some years before his death Mister W. M. kicked himself upstairs into the chairmanship and his brother, Mister Henry, became president. Then, in 1949 and 1950, the three second-gential Picked in the chairmans in Picked in the control of the chairmans in Picked in the chairmans in the chai

1949 and 1950, the three second-generation Birks died within a few months.

Since then the president has been Mister W. M.'s eldest son, Henry Gifford Birks, invariably known as "HGB." He is a lean well-preserved man of sixty with blue-grey eyes. Like most of the Birks clan HGB started "on the floor" in his teens. In World War I he was an infantry officer with the Black Watch of Canada and was wounded at the Somme. His brother Victor, now managing director of the Montreal store, won the Military Cross and Bar in the same war.

At least once a year HGB shows his face in every Birks branch in Canada. All the branch managers are used to seeing him halt on the threshold of each department and check up thus before entering: "Now let's see. That little red-haired youngster is Tommy. That tall dark one with the glasses is Arthur. The girl in the corner is Miss Smith. And that old boy over there is Mr. Black. Right? Okay, let's go in."

Can't Resist Black Pearls

HGB inaugurated the Old Guard, a group of employees with more than twenty-five years' service. Today it has about four hundred members. Among their privileges are freedom from the time clock and three weeks' holiday. HGB maintains the beautifully bound company scrapbooks started by his grandfather. They contain photographs, clippings, souvenirs and letters written by employees on foreign travels.

Both his daughters, now married, have been presented at Court. During the war the elder served in England with the Canadian Red Cross. His son Drummond, now being groomed to succeed him in the presidency, is a last-war veteran of the Black Watch of Canada.

of Canada.

Doubtless Drummond Birks is studying the secrets that have brought Birks millions of ordinary and at least one extraordinary customer.

This customer is a South American millionaire who keeps a sumptuous apartment in Montreal. He dresses like a diplomat out of a nineteenth-century operetta and carries an ebony cane with a gold knob that is between a golf ball and a baseball in size. He buys all sorts of jewelry continuously but is especially devoted to black pearl. Dozens of sets of black-pearl studs, cuff links, tie pins and other accessories lie in his strong box. One Birks executive says: "He tells me that at night he arranges all his jewels on his dressing table and talks to them."

A couple of years ago the millionaire trapped part of his anatomy in a door and had to have it removed. In great delight he went to Birks and asked if the firm could replace it with a gold substitute. Birks said the firm was not equipped for the operation but recommended a dentist, who obliged for a princely sum.

Today that South American millionaire is probably the only man in the world equipped with a gold thumbnail.

Backstage in Israel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

having compulsory education for the first time. They are taught in Arabic, of course; much of the curriculum can be the same for both school systems, but such subjects as history present a special problem. It's solved by teaching Arabs the history of Palestine, and through that the history of the region and the world.

SUPERIMPOSED on this heavy burden of ordinary school education is the huge task of teaching adults—more than one newcomer for each Israeli—the language of his country.

Special classes are run for the intellectuals who have come to Israel without knowing Hebrew—the lawyers, doctors, writers and potential teachers. In a way they are the easiest to teach, in another way the hardest. For them a basic vocabulary is not enough; they must be able to handle the language with more than average skill to earn a living at their accustomed vocation. For the rest, one of the great instruments of education is, of all things, the Israeli Army.

Every Israeli, man or woman, must go through compulsory military training—thirty months for men, two years for women. For those who do not speak Hebrew the first few weeks of military training involve no drill, no soldiering of any kind. They go to school, eight hours a day, and study Hebrew. After about a month of this, they spend half the day at drill and half studying Hebrew

Many graduate teachers, when they



Johnnie Walker has the gift for making Christmas Greetings Greetings



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BORN 1820-still going strong

report for their military service, go through the same detour. Instead of sloping arms or taking machine guns apart, they are assigned to teach—at army pay

Hebrew alone is all that need be taught to the immigrants from Europe and advanced countries elsewhere, but about a quarter of the 700,000 come from backward countries. For them the army has to provide a more fundamental education.

First they must be taught the rudiments of ordinary living in a civilized community how to wash, how to brush their teeth, how to put their shoes on. Then they must be taught to read and write. Finally they must be given a start toward a trade of some sort, so that they can be self-supporting when their army service is over.

These enormous variations in cultural background have complex effects—some unexpected—on the national texture of Israel. I could see one such effect in the contrast between two new farming villages on the border not far from Tel Aviv.

One was a thriving community founded in 1949 by a group of im-

migrants from Greece. They had since been joined by a number of Iraqi families, but the tone had been set and was still maintained by the Greek Jews. They were under fairly frequent attack by Arab infiltrators, they said; the Arabs, former owners of these fields and orchards until the armistice of 1949, staged intermittent raids to carry off cattle or to take the fruit from the trees they had once planted. Altogether, the Israeli settlers guessed, these lootings had cost about thirty thousand Israeli pounds in the six years. They had to keep a constant

watch—every man had to put in a night's guard duty at least once a week, and since the sentries weren't much good for work the next day, this represented a considerable drain on the village economy.

In spite of all this the morale of the

In spite of all this the morale of the village was high. They had come to take their exposed position more or less for granted, stood their watches as a matter of course, and few ever thought of moving to a safer area.

Five or six miles away was another village, about the same distance from the border but settled by immigrants from Yemen. It was only about two years old, but in that two years the entire population had changed three times. These people were timid, easily scared and easily discouraged.

scared and easily discouraged.

I noticed that the Yemenite village had a synagogue that was the best building in town, and I remarked on their religious forcer.

their religious fervor.

"It is because they fear," said the young army captain guiding me. "These people believe that Jehovah will punish them, with actual calamities here on earth, if they slight Him or neglect His service. Their troubles are the direct result of Jehovah's wrath."

In one sense these primitive, superstitious people are well educated indeed. They know their Old Testament as few of their better-educated compatriots do. Because they had so few books in Yemen, many of them learned to read the sacred characters from any angle—upside down or sideways as well as right side up—in order that four people could all read simultaneously from one copy of the sacred texts. But in terms of twentieth-century living they are about as ignorant as anyone could be.

They are not well fitted for the harsh life of independent farmers, but they take to factory work like ducks to water. In Beersheba, at the edge of the Negeb desert, which used to be a village of three thousand Arabs and is now a town of twenty thousand Jews, about one hundred and fifty workers from Yemen, Morocco and Iraq operate a ceramics plant. When they begin they know nothing whatever about the job; within one year, the superintendent said, their work is up to normal European standards. Since they are also docile and willing, and since the basic Israeli wage rate of about \$2.50 a day seems fabulous wealth to them, Israeli employers are delighted to have them.

INCIDENTALLY, modern Israel visibly disproves the belief, cherished alike by the Jews and their enemies, that the people of Israel have remained racially pure and distinct through two thousand years of dispersion.

In Israel the Jews from Iraq and

In Israel the Jews from Iraq and Yemen look like Arabs. The ones from Germany look like Germans. The few from Britain look and sound very British indeed, and so do the South Africans, while those from the U. S. are unmistakably American. In fact you can pick out almost any ethnic group in Israel except, oddly enough, the Jews.

I had been in Israel for about a week before I met a man who looked "Jewish" to me. I was standing up to my waist in the Mediterranean at a seaside resort called Herzlia, near Tel Aviv. A big wave rolled me over, and I came up beside a fat little man who looked as if he came right out of Abie's Irish

He greeted me amiably: "Do you live here in Israel?"
I said no, I was a Canadian, from

Ottawa.

"Pleased to meet you," he said. "I'm a Canadian too—from Montreal."



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Christmas in Canada

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

1857

The Toronto Globe tells of a coming event:

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GERMAN CHRISTMAS BAZAAR

We are requested to call the attention of the public to the Bazaar to be held this evening and to-morrow, for the benefit of the German Evangelical Lutheran Church in the St. Lawrence Hall. This Bazaar will be conducted in a very different manner from any that have been held in this city before: Christmas trees splendidly decorated and lighted up in the evenings, and transparent pictures of Scriptural events suitable for the season will form a great attraction, showing the German way of celebrating Christmas. Parents should not fail to bring their children, who cannot but enjoy a visit to the German Christmas Bazaar. An assortment of toys as well as fancy and plain work will be offered for sale. The doors will be open this evening from seven to ten o'clock, and to-morrow from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M., and from 7 to 10 o'clock, P.M. Tickets of admission 7½d each, are to be had at several stores per handbills, or at the door. There will be some musical entertainment in the evening.

1858

John Gillbard, a merchant, advertises in the Cobourg Star and Newcastle District Gazette:

LOOK OUT FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

The subscriber begs to announce that he has just received a large quantity of

FRESH FRUIT,

Suitable for the coming season,

CONSISTING OF

Fresh Raisins, Fresh Currants, Lemon Peel, Citron Peel, Orange Peel, Nutmegs, Spices, Essences, Candies, Nuts, &c, &c

Together with a complete assortment of

TOYS AND FANCY GOODS

For Christmas and New Year's Presents,

And in fact a general assortment of Staple and Choice GROCERIES,

Which will be sold at prices to defy competition

John Gillbard, King Street.

1860

Lambert De Boilieu visits Labrador and writes of life among the seal hunters:

At Christmas the men have eight days' holiday, when all sorts of rough sports are carried on. I say rough, because the forfeits, beginning with rum, invariably end in what is termed a "cobbing;" which means a dozen strokes across the soles of the feet with a wooden slice. Should any one of the crew absent himself from home on Christmas-eve, a deputation from the remainder is sent in search of him, and when found—even should he be enjoying himself at the big house or the cooperage—he is unceremoniously told to return to his home, and immediately he leaves the house the deputation commence chastising him across the shoulders with old shoes, until he reached the dwelling where the crews are located, when he undergoes a trial for his desertion, and, as a matter of course, as it is Christmas-time, he im fined one or two gallons of rum...

1860—A merchant advertises in the Saint John, N.B. Courier:

GAMES GAMES GAMES

The following interesting GAMES and PUZZLES just adapted for the Winter Evenings are on sale at greatly reduced prices:

Solitaire Magic Ring Bombardment Bugle Horn Trip to Paris Mansion of Happiness
Steeple Chase
Star Puzzles
Dr. Fusby
Historial Dominoes
Sham Fight
Snip-Snap-Snorum
Twelfth Night
Visit to the East
Outward Bound

Fun and Laughter for Christmas and after

Bee and Butterfly William Tell Temple of Fear; or, Poor Old Soldier, Hocus Pocus. Queen of Beauty Stock Exchange Lotto;

and a host of others too numberous to mention.

MAGIC LANTERNS

in great variety—very cheap.

A. PAGE No. 8, King Street continued next page



You get maximum comfort and enjoyment from Chryco Accessories because they're designed expressly for Chrysler-built vehicles. Every Chryco Accessory is top quality and guaranteed to fit correctly—made to give a handsome, built-for-the-car appearance. Go to your Chrysler-Plymouth-Fargo or Dodge-DeSoto dealer and see his fine selection of beautiful and practical Chryco Accessories. Price them! You'll find you pay no more for the finest . . . that's Chryco!

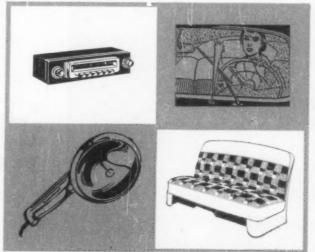
Entertainment at your fingertips with a rich-tone CHRYCO radio

Takes the miles out of long trips! Ultra-clear, full wave reception. High fidelity, resonant tones. powerful, selective and sensitive. Designed for your carl

See for sure with a powerful

CHRYCO Hand-Spotlight

Produces a powerful beam. Just the thing for camping or picnics. Long cord plugs into cigarette lighter. Complete with hanger and folding arm. A Chryco special!



Keep your windshield clean with CHRYCO "Jiffy-Jet"

Just tauch your toe to the foot button. Twin nazzles start to spray, wipers start to clean, simultaneouslyf Wipers keep on cleaning until you release foot button.

Enhance your car's interior beauty with tailored CHRYCO Seat Covers

They're custom-tailored for your car! Many decorator-styled combinations to suit your taste. Flexo-fit fasteners simplify installation and eliminate sagging and bulging.

CHRYCO ACCESSORIES ARE

ENGINEERED by Chrysler Engineers! Designed to give enduring satisfaction. Be sure! Ask for Chryco!

TESTED in Chrysler Corporation's vast Engineering and Testing Laboratories. This testing is your guarantee of complete satisfaction.

INSPECTED to assure continuing quality. With Chryco you get highest standards of value and dependability.

YOU CAN SEE CUSTOM DESIGNED CHRYCO ACCESSORIES AT YOUR CHRYSLER PLYMOUTH-FARGO OR DODGE DESOTO DEALER'S

CHRYCO ACCESSORIES

are designed expressly for

CHRYSLER
PLYMOUTH
DODGE & DESOTO
PASSENGER CARS
DODGE & FARGO
TRUCKS

The Christmas gift watch of highest prestige is Longines, the world's most honored watch. Longines watches have won ten world's fair grand prizes and 28 gold medals; highest honors for accuracy in Observatory competitions. Longines and its distinguished companion, Wittnauer, are products of the Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company



LONGINES PARIS AUTOMATIC. The most advanced atch, in a distinguished 14K gold of and shock-resistant. \$225.00. Automatics priced from \$125.00.

LONGINES ELSA. A dainty watch in flowing lines with matching expansion bracelet, in 10K gold-filled case with textured dial. \$99.50. Other Longines ladies watches priced from \$85.00.



epitome of luxury and elegance. \$350. Longines diamond watches are noteworthy for excellence.



LONGINES STARLIGHT SERENADE #1805. A semi-bracelet watch of 14K white gold; 18 fine diamonds; cable styling and finish—one of Wittnauer's fa-mous "Gold Medal" Series. An impressive gift. diamond watches are noteworthy for excellence. \$97.50. Wittnauer men's watches from \$37.50.





wittnauer sportsman automatic. A self-winding watch in a handsome 10K gold-filled case. One of "All-Proof" Series — waterproof, shockersistant, unbreakable mainspring. \$87.50. with a self-winding watch in 14K white gold, set with 8 finely-cut diamonds of choice quality. \$150.00.

Longines-Wittnauer COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD. Since 1866, Maker of Watches of the Highest Character Montreal 2, Quebec

Can You Use Extra Cash?

Here's an easy way for you to make an extra \$20 or \$30 a week. You need no experience we show you how - quickly and easily. For full details, no obligation of course, write today to:

Fidelity Money Makers Club. 210 Dundas Street West, Toronto 2, Ontario.

1864

A pioneer settler in Fort William, Ont., builds a home for Christmas:

The flatted timber was 6 inches The flatted timber was 6 inches thick, 18 and 24 feet long, so I went to work all alone, to put in the foundation, hoping some stray man would come my way, but no such luck. I worked away, putting up one end at a time on peeled poplar skid, and when it got so high it would slip back on me, when I went to shove the other me, when I went to shove the other end up, I had to have my wife hold a prop to keep it from slipping back. So I worked along in that shape until I got the plate on just eleven rounds in eleven days, and I finished the house 18 x 24 in two months and had my family in it. Constitute Eve. family in it for Christmas Eve. I chinked it with moss and shavings, no lime to be got for love or money, but it was warm as pie . . .

Henry Woodington, a prisoner of Louis Riel at Fort Garry, Man., writes in his diary:

24th DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Expected to be released today, but was disappointed. Smith sent out for a fiddle and had a stag dance, Wm. Graham being the fiddler. The guards came in and joined in the dance.

25th-CHRISTMAS DAY

Very dull until towards evening when Crossen brought in roast beef, plum pudding and cakes from Mr. Arthur and Mrs. Driever. We enjoyed them and Mrs. Driever. We enjoyed them as well as we could under present cir-cumstances. Had a dance this evening.

The Charlottetown Islander (P.E.I.) reports on a social evening:

The Entertainment in the Market Hall on Christmas evening . . . by the CITY LODGE of British Templars, proved—as far as the attendance was concerned, a very decided success. About eight hundred persons, we un-derstand, sat down to tea; and although derstand, sat down to tea; and atmough the lady tea-pourers and their assis-tants did all in their power to make their guests comfortable, such was the crowded state of the Hall that much inconvenience and delay was unavoid-able. At length, however, all the necessary preliminaries having been completed, Mr. Bertram Moore called the meeting to order in a short address appropriate to the occasion. Messrs. Vinnicombe and Earle furnished the Musical part of the evening (the former on the violin and the latter on the piano). Both these gentlemen's abilities as musicians are too well known to require any eulogium from us

Dialogues, recitations, readings, and impromptu temperance addresses fol-lowed each other in rapid succession, and displayed a fair amount of talent in the performers, although, if disposed to be critical, we might—not unreasonably, we think—take exception to one ably, we think—take exception to one or two of the pieces as being—to say the least of them—in exceedingly bad taste. But the chief attractions of the evening were the *Tableaux Vivants*, or Living Pictures, by which the other performances were agreeably diversified. These pictures were intended fied. These pictures were intended to illustrate the following subjects: "Merry Christmas," "Death's Har-vest." "The Drunkard's Home," "The

Tavern," and "Home at Last."
These tableaux were well got up, and





all Canada knows JORDAN



Jordan Gold Seal Sherry and Port Wines

by those who had an opportunity of seeing them, were greatly admired. In consequence, however, of the crowded state of the Hall comparatively few could obtain more than an imperfect and very unsatisfactory glimpse of any of them . . . At ten o'clock the audi-ence dispersed. The net proceeds, we understand, amounted to £34

The Hudson's Bay Company at Winnipeg advertises in the Mani-

> A choice collection of CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!

Silver and Creeping Babies Plated Ware Life-Sized Dolls Jewellery and Talking Tartars Toys of latest mechanical skill Vases And Steam Fancy Indian

> and other Articles of Vertu TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION

Work,

Just Received, and "Going Fast,"

Dressed Turkeys. Geese. and Ducks.

Appliances

Chickens. Sausages. and

Maltby's Select Oysters

The well known Superior Brands of WINES & LIQUORS

The Old Stand

Fort Garry

The Humboldt correspondent of The Saskatchewan Herald, Battleford, N.W.T., sends his paper a special message:

The citizens of Humboldt, one and The citizens of Humboldt, one and all, from the postmaster down to the train dogs, feel glad, and in their gladness extend a hearty greeting to the Herald, to Battleford, and its people. The plum pudding is gurgling in the pot, the beef is fizzling in the oven, and the pemican is well, it's raw. These things make us unspeakably happy, and feeling that everything is well, we say, a Merry Christmas to all!

Snow two feet deep.

Snow two feet deep

From Hay Lake, another correspondent wires the Herald:

The westerly end of the Pacific Telegraph flashes a kindly greeting to the Capitol of the Irone Land, and to the Capitol of the Ione Land, and to the inhabitants thereof wishes a Merry Christmas and many returns, which will doubtless be fulfilled if the murderous scalping knife can be educated to operate on plum duff instead of human skulls. The colonists of Hutchingsville join in the old time greeting with hearty unison.

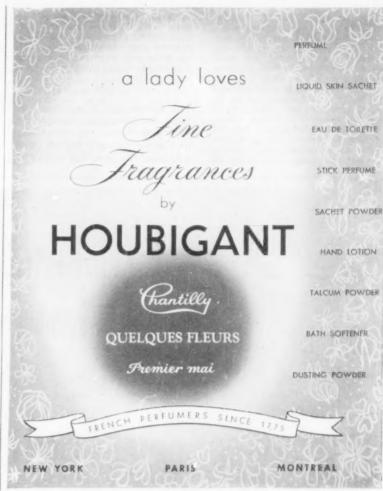
A contest will take place at the station to-night, several native performers taking part.

Snow a foot deep.

report from the Winnipeg Daily

Christmas day has come and gone, and with the going there is the cus-







tomary number of bilious stomachs, big heads, broken toys, regrets that it's all over, and grief that it will be such a long time coming again. The day was an unusually quiet one, mout people appearing to stick to the home and enjoy the holiday under their own vine and fig tree. Quite a few indulged in a family driving party, but on the whole there was less doing than is usually the case at Christmas. Many who are fond of fast driving were out speeding their steeds. They took carte blanche on Main Street and tore along at a spanking pace. The police did

not interfere. Services were held in most of the Churches, and as a rule large audiences attended. During the forenoon large crowds visited the curling rinks and watched the exciting contests which were going on.

1890

The Lethbridge, Alta., News reports the Christmas preparations of a town hotel "in concocting toothsome morsels for all who patronize the place for dinner:"

LETHBRIDGE HOUSE

Saddle Rocks

SOUPS—Bisque de Lobster, Kidney FISH—Baked Halibut au Gratin. Boiled B. C. Salmon, Sauce Maitre d'Hotel.

BOILED—Spring Chicken, Oyster Sauce. Sugar-cured Ham, Champagne Sauce.

ENTREES—Pigeon Pie, Chicken Patties, Cream Fritters, Sherry Wine Sauce

ROASTS-Sirloin of Beef, Yorkshire

Pudding, Leg of Mutton, Currant Jelly. Haunch of Pork, Cider-Apple Sauce. Turkey, Cranberry Sauce. Goose, Green Apple Sauce. Mallard duck, Green Peas.

GAME—Saddle of Venison, Currant Jelly Sauce. Prairie Chicken, Celery Sauce, Stuffed Hare, Gravy Sauce.

COLD—Suckling Pig, Spiced Beef, Jellied Tripe, Ox Tongue, Sugar-cured Ham, Chicken Salad, Lobster Salad, Celery, Olives.

PASTRY AND DESSERT—English Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce. Chartreuse d'Oranges. Soufiee de Russe. Bavarian Cream. Fruit Trifle. Green Apple Pie. Hot Mince Pie. Lemon Meringue Pie. Cranberry Tart. Port Wine Jelly. Strawberry Jelly. Calf's Foot Jelly. Xmas Cake. Seed Cake. Spiced Cake.

1897

Tappan Adney, a correspondent for Harper's Weekly, writes about Christmas in the Klondike:

As Christmas approached, preparations were made to celebrate in some fashion; if not hilariously, then with as much propriety as possible. Some put little evergreens in front of their places . . . Everyone tried to have something special for dinner . . .

There was not a turkey in the camp. Some one had reported that a Dutchman brought a turkey in over the ice, one that his wife had cooked in Skaguay, but I believe that was not true. Andrew Flett, the Saskatchewan half-breed, with his train of dogs and the official mail (and a pile of HAR-PER'S WEEKLY), was the first to arrive straight through from outside. But on the 10th of April a man answering the description did arrive, and raffled the turkey off in McPhee's saloon, netting him \$174, but he said he would not bring in another at the same price...

I was not worried about the outlook for Christmas dinner until Pelletier, my cabin partner, announced that he had invited some friends to dinner. Heavens! I looked under the bunk where we had our stock of grub cachéd. There was bacon, plenty of that, but we were getting a little tired of it three times a day . . . Flour, plenty of that too . . Milk all gone last week; don't know what possessed me not to put in two or three cases of condensed milk . . Butter, some left; we will soon be able to call it cheese or butter. It is hard to tell the difference now.

Pelletier said "Leave it to me!" Day before Christmas he came in with some bundles which he threw down on the table. I saw they were cans—some condensed cream, two tins of French pease, and—a can of turkey.

1899

The Co-Operative Grocery Company advertises Christmas liquor in the Montreal Star:

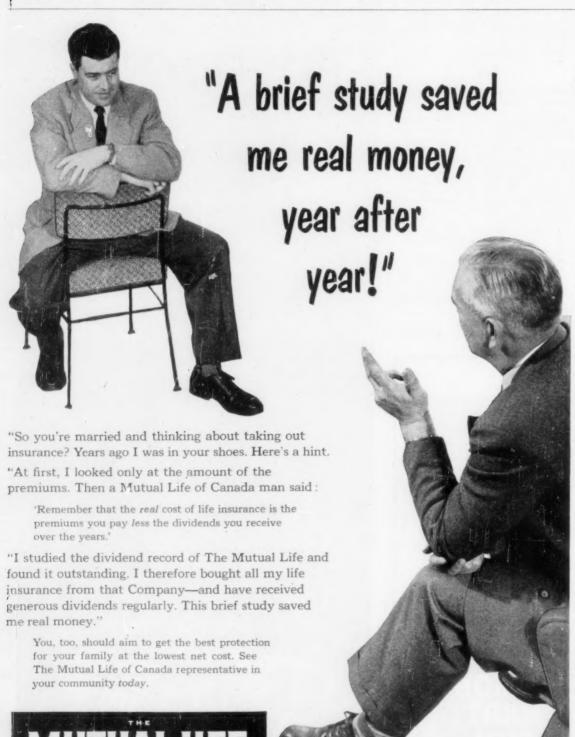
Burke's Old Irish Whisky, 70c per bottle

Dewar's Special Liqueur \$1.15 per bottle \$9.65 per case of 12 quart bottles Hennessy Brandy XXX \$1.40

Martel Brandy V.S.O.P. \$1.75

Walker's 4-year-old Rye 55c per bottle Robertson's "Oloroso" Golden Sherry \$4.50 per gallon—75 cents bottle

Champagnes from \$11.50 per case of 12 quarts to \$28.65 for Mumm's.



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OF

Ty of An unnamed poet writes, in the style of Drummond, of Christmas with the Royal Canadian Regiment in South Africa:

On dit, dat dis is Creesmas Day! Ma foi! it seem to me To be more lak Saint Jean Bapteese. She was so hot, you see.

De Gouvrement she's feed us fine.
Oh! yes, I dont tink so:
One small cheeken mong thirteen men,
How you like dat, mon Joe?

De fruit she's libral too, also; If every compagnie Would give hees fruit to one small boy She's maybee got plentee.

Dere's one good ting, dat we was get, And dat's the plum puddeen; Tanks for dat precious leetle bite, We give our gracious Queen.

At four o'clock dey cry 'fall in'
To get your Creesmees beer,
And so we bring our pannikin,
Dere's no one missing here.

Jus one small pint, das all you get, For fear you get en fete; To-night you'll get a glass o'rum, Eef you can all walk straight.

So pretty soon we go to bed, And dream of 'soup au pois,' And hope next Creesmas day we spend Will be in Canadaw.

1901

Excerpt from German-Canadian Folk-Lore, by W. S. Wintemberg.

On Christmas Eve a curious custom was formerly practised by the young women [German Canadians of Water-loo County] to find out the vocation of their future husband. A cup half filled with water was provided, and about midnight a small quantity of lead was melted and poured into the cup, and the lead on cooling assumed a variety of forms, such as horse-shoes, hammers, nails, etc., for a blacksmith; square blocks for a farmer; and if one assumed the shape of a coffin, the person who got it would not live very long. Strict silence was enjoined while the practice was in progress.

1903

A parlor-game suggestion is offered Toronto newspaper readers:

Place a glass of water upon the table, put a hat over it, and offer to lay a wager with any of the company that you will empty the glass without lifting the hat. On the wager being accepted, get under the table and commence making a sucking noise, smacking your lips at intervals as though you were swallowing the water. After a minute or two, come from under the table and address the person who took up your wager with you: "Now, Sir." Eager to see if the trick has really been performed, he will immediately lift up the hat, and the moment he does so, take up the glass, and after having

swallowed its contents say: "You have lost, Sir; for you see I have drunk the water without touching the hat."

191

The Toronto Globe reports a sermon in Toronto by Rev. W. H. Hincks:

NEITHER GIFTS NOR CHRISTIAN

Rev. Dr. Hincks' Description of 'Yuletide Activities.

AN INTOLERABLE BURDEN

"Fussy Attention to Extort A Christmas Tip."

With unusual boldness Rev. Dr. W. H. Hincks brushed aside the veil of sentimental insincerity which shrouds much of the modern Christmas gift-giving, and revealed the tragedy of sordid, selfish materialism lurking behind. The preacher delivered his homely message in a homely way, and the large congregation which filled the Broadway Tabernacle sat up and took notice.

"Deliver me," he exclaimed, "from the modern nervous prostration which goes forth to buy, groaning at every step. This is an intolerable burden—it is neither Christian nor are they gifts. It is intolerable extortion—don't send me one of those."

The preacher scored the "fussy attentions bestowed upon us in order to extort a tip at Christmas time" . . . "A gift," said he, "is a free thing and leaves the recipient free. It is not enslaving. In the mother land municipalities frequently refuse immense sums of money because some autocrat does



Irish Setter Champion Ace Flyer at Aragon, owned by Gertrude W. Drew, Toronto

Judged Best...ounce for ounce!

There is no finer tribute to any dog than the judges' award, "Best in Show." Men who have judged the clean, mellow taste of Lord Calvert Canadian Whisky agree that, ounce for ounce, there is no finer whisky anywhere than Lord Calvert.



LORD CALVERT

Canadian Whisky

CALVERT DISTILLERS LIMITED, AMHERSTBURG, ONT.

not give them without conditions. We need in Canada and in the United States more of the manly independence that says: 'We accept nothing that does not leave us free.'"

1912

The Toronto Globe reports activity in the Post Office Department:

MOUNTAINS OF MAIL NOT YET DELIVERED

Avalanche of Letters Sweeps Down on Overworked Staff

OLD COUNTRY YET TO COME

Fourteen Hundred Men on Duty, Many of Them for Thirty Hours, Trying to Catch Up—Coffee and Sandwiches Served at Daybreak

1913

The Toronto Star Weekly reports on toys:

CHRISTMAS TOYS MORE GROTESQUE

This Year Than They Ever Were Before—Dolls That Are Simply Hideous, But

PLEASE THE KIDDIES

The General Run of Playthings Changes Little—More Expensive Ones Cost Up to \$55.

1914

Cotton's Weekly, published in Cowansville, Que., takes a dim view of gifts from employer to employee:

Some of the big firms give their workers turkey, geese and little reminders at Christmas, providing they have been faithful and good dividend makers. If the men have slaved through the year without any sign of uneasiness about the wages they received or the hours they worked, a Christmas gift sometimes is the means of leading them to believe that their boss is a hell of a fine fellow, and if he didn't need his auto so much would lend it to them to ride back and forth to work. This is an old game, and is wearing out to a large extent.

1915

A subaltern in the Canadian Army writes about Christmas at a camp near Aldershot, England:

. . . Well, I spent one of the most rotten Christmases I ever did. There were nine of us marooned here, all the rest went away on leave, and we were elected to stay. It sure was a dismal hole. We just sat around all day, in fact I never left the mess except to see

the men fed. They had a real meal, turkey, cauliflower, potatoes, soup, plum pudding, coffee. Of course our men are very well fed, much better than the British battalions, but it took eighty-nine fifteen-pound turkeys to feed them. However, to hark back, we "ossifers" spent a dickens of a day, and I sat lamenting upon the passing of the good old Christmas, like Dickens wrote about . . .

1919

The editors of Maclean's Magazine, in their December issue containing Merrie Gentlemen by Arthur Beverley Baxter, insert the following explanatory note:

Note: In this novelette, published complete herewith, Mr. Baxter has written a Christmas story that will entertain and delight every reader. Mr. Baxter is a young Canadian writer who is rapidly coming to the forefront.

1924

The Toronto Star reports on the vending of liquor "for medicinal purposes":

The Christmas rush to obtain liquor "for medicinal purposes only," through the medium of physicians' prescriptions, reached its apex on Monday and Tuesday of this week. Today a slight falling-off was reported, but a long waiting list was still in evidence at noon.

Within the dispensary (at 154 Wellington Street West) the scene was reminiscent of a general-delivery post office . . There were few apparent invalids in the waiting queue. The majority of those in the line wore broad smiles and appeared in the pink of health . . . Doctor's prescriptions no longer specify the nature of the illness for which liquor is ordered. They merely state the minimum quantity which the patient's condition requires. When whisky is prescribed, the applicant is limited to the quantity stipulated, but he can choose any one of nearly a score of brands.

"Picked up a bad cold motoring from Hamilton on Sunday," one applicant, who had the appearance of a well-to-do business man, explained to a friend. "Wife's got one too."

1933

The Robert Simpson Company runs an ad in the Toronto Globe:

Your Christmas will be happier if you remember someone less fortunate than you, Christmas Hampers and Grocery Boxes

Roast of Beef	6 lbs.
Butter	1 lb.
Bacon (Sliced)	1 lb.
Carrots	2 lbs.
Cabbage (Medium)	1 head
Oranges	16 doz.
Apples.	1 pk.
Cornflakes	1 pkg.
Butter Beans No. 2 tin	1 tin
Peaches, No. 2 tin	1 tin
Coffee	16 lb.
Corn Syrup (Beehive)	1 tin
Raspberry Jam 40 oz.	1 jar
Plum Pudding	2 Ibs.
Fruit Loaf (Dark)	1 lb.
Nuts (Mixed)	1 lb.
Raisins (seedless)	1 lb.
Dates	1 lb.
_	

\$ 3.95

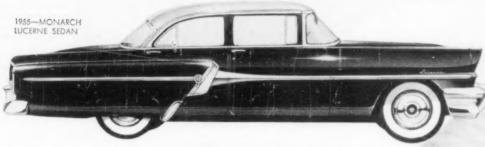
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1955 FORDS and MONARCHS feature

the spark plugs in your future

NEW TURBO-ACTION
CHAMPIONS!







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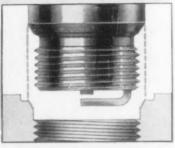
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be:

Greater clearance in firing end . . . turbulent gases keep insulator free from harmful deposits.



Exclusive tapered seating design gives automatic, accurate lock in cylinder head without gasket.

A SPARK PLUG SO IMPORTANT, so new that it fits only those engines designed for it! That's the Turbo-Action Champion . . . the plug that powers the brilliant new Fords and Monarchs . . . the plug that *other* new cars will soon adopt!

With the Turbo-Action Champion, the industry takes an immense step forward—the most striking since the Champion 5-rib aluminum oxide insulator. For with this new plug the way is clear for the higher compression, higher output engines of the future. Plug fouling in low speed driving, pre-ignition in high speed driving—these problems are now past history. One more instance of Champion's leadership . . : FIRST in serving your present and future needs on the roads of Canada.

Note: Turbo-Action Champions fit only those ultra-modern engines designed for them. Your present car will continue to give its best performance with standard Champions.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED



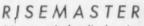
... yes, giving any one of them will make you a real Santa Claus



DIRECTOR

The ultimate in clock radios . . . sings you to sleep . . . turns itself off . . . wakes you to music . . . sounds safety alarm . . turns appliances on and off automatically.

P.S. It would make a wonderful gift for the boss's office too!



A low cost clock radio that gives exceptional power, tone and performance on all stations. Reliable clock turns on your favourite mosning music . . sings you awake. Handsome durable cabinet fits conveniently in every room in the home.



RADASONIC

The modern acoustic design cabinet on attractive swivel base directs "Full Range" sound anywhere in the room. Powerful 6 tube chassis and twin 5" speakers permit wide station selection and finer tuning. In walnut or ivory. P.S. Another wonderful business gift suggestion!



TANGO

Jewel-like in appearance . . . sparkling in performance. Smartly designed in colourful plastic cabinet with contrasting gold front and brass legs . . powerful chassis and speaker give excellent reception. Ideal as a gift. In walnut, white, ivory or red.



Smart new portable

CARIBBEAN RADIO PHONOGRAPH

A powerful 5-tube radio and 3-speed fully automatic intermix recordchanger with automatic shutoff combined in a heautiful simulated rawhide case. When closed it has the appearance of an expensive piece of luggage. When open the carrying handle retracts to become part of the grille. Smart, compact, portable.



From \$26.95 - See them at your dealer's taday ...

YOU CAN BE SURE ... IF IT'S Westinghouse

The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. also runs an ad in the Toronto Globe:

. . . Turkeys 21c Geese 17c
Roast Beef—
Prime 17c, Blade 10c, Rump 15c
Smoked Hams 17c
Sliced Breakfast Bacon 19c
Cheese—Old 19c—Mild New 13c
Red Circle Coffee 25c

1944

Col. C. P. Stacey, a Canadian Corps diarist, describes Christmas on the line in Italy:

The 1 Cdn Corps sector was the only part of the Italian front where there was not a white Christmas. A wary truce was observed on both banks of the Senio except on the 2 Cdn Inf Bde front. The Germans serenaded Seaforth of C. with carols on Christmas Eve and one Jerry put his head over the river dyke long enough to wish the Canadians a guttural "Merry Christmas." Our troops replied with their version of "Fröhliche Weihnacht." Encouraged, the Germans tried a little propaganda, calling on our troops to surrender. Our counter-propaganda was an artillery "stonk" on the German positions.

At the 1st Division's headquarters an officer wrote of the Christmas lull: "Tomorrow we return to the cold reality of war and all its ugliness, but we won't forget Christmas 1944 because for twenty-four hours men became human again and war seemed very far away, almost forgotten."

1947

Maurice Rapkin, a radio writer, prepares a commercial jingle:

Christmas comes but once a year And then it keeps you hopping With what to buy for mother dear, father dear, brother dear And where will we go shopping.

Where will we go shopping?

People's Credit Jewelers: People's Credit Jewelers The home of Christmas shopping.
A credit plan that helps you pay
So buy your gifts this very day
At People's Credit Jewelers, friendly
Christmas shopping.
People's Credit Jewelers. People's always lead.

1952

William Boss, Canadian Press correspondent, describes Christmas in Korea:

For the United Nations soldier up front it will be just another day, with time out for a bottle of beer . . . No turkey in the Korean hills—just ordinary rations—because his outfit is saving Christmas fare until he can leave the line for a few hours . . .

leave the line for a few hours . . .

It's not as bleak behind the line.

Most company command posts have rigged a Christmas tree . . There will be carol singing and communion services

The Communists aren't forgetting Christmas either. Their patrols have been leaving bundles of Christmas cards in no man's land—gaily decorated cards carrying the message "Peace is a blessing."

195

The Steel Company of Canada and the United Steelworkers of America try to fit Christmas into a modern labor contract:

where an employee received a Christmas Day allowance and was normally scheduled to work on that day, then those hours would be included as hours worked for the purpose of computing overtime. On the other hand, if the employee received the Christmas Day allowance, but was not normally scheduled to work on Christmas Day, in other words received the allowance as a gift, then the Christmas Day allowance hours under these circumstances would not be included in computing overtime. The union has asked that this interpretation be included in the collective agreement





Shopping's no problem for Jasper . he's giving MACLEAN'S

Now here's a smart bear.

da of 10

> He's so smart that he's almost human, and the rest of us would be wise to take a lesson from him. Instead of being pushed around at Christmas-time every year, he stays home where it is quiet, and shops the easy Maclean's way. Every year his list seems to increase by two or three names.

Why not take Jasper's lead and give Maclean's gift subscriptions to your friends this year. It's really very simple and easy. Just complete the coupons and return them to us. We handle all shopping, wrapping and mailing details.

give Maclean's

1 gift means 26 exciting and entertaining issues

3 gifts only \$5.00

Each additional subscription above three costs only \$1.65

2 gifts only \$4

1 gift only \$3

These rates good in Canada only. Not more than 10 subscriptions can be accepted from one person. For subscriptions outside Canada, please add \$1.50 for additional mailing costs.

FREE GIFT CARDS

This year for the first time your friends receive an announcement card especially designed by Simpkins, the originator of the popular Jasper cartoons.

ORDER NOW - PAY LATER

No need to pay now, unless you wish. We'll be glad to bill you during January 1955 to help you spread your Christmas expenses over a longer period.

GIFT RATES AVAILABLE UNTIL DECEMBER 24

MACLEAN'S 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

Please send one-year gift subscriptions to MACLEAN'S to:

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City Prov
Please include my own □ new or □ renewal subscription. AD-DEC 15

Special Group Offer

When you order three or more gifts of MACLEAN'S you may also order other popular Maclean-Hunter magazines at these special gift rates.

CHATELAINE					\$1.00	
CANADIAN	HOMES	AND	GARDENS		\$1.65	
MAYFAIR					\$1.65	

These rates good in Canada only. You may include your own new or renewal but you may not order more than 10 gifts of any one magazine at special rates.



London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

left in France in 1914. What a fine-looking family he represents. Was it not his uncle, Lord Alfred Douglas, whose beauty of features led to his own downfall?

Attention, please! Pray silence for the Mayor of Chelsea. Hear! Hear! the Mayor of Chelsea. Hear! Hear!
There is a veiled plaque beside the
door of No. 34, put there by order of
the London County Council. The
Mayor explains this to us and calls
upon Sir Compton Mackenzie to perform the unveiling ceremony. With an emotion hard to conceal, Mackenzie reads the words aloud to us:

> Oscar Wilde (1854-1900) Wit and Dramatist

Simultaneously there are ceremonies in Dublin to mark the house where Wilde was born. In Paris, where Wilde lived, there has long been a plaque, but while we are standing in Chelsea there is a ceremony taking place at the Hotel Voltaire in Paris where Wilde stayed and wrote before tragedy overwhelmed him.

Now we have a couple of hours to put in before gathering at the Savoy Hotel for the centenary luncheon. So as we stroll along the Embankment towards the Savoy let us look back on the disgrace and tragedy of Wilde which shocked and hurt the civilized world. Was the sentence too brutal? Was it personal pique on Edward Carson's part for not having been briefed by Wilde for the defense that made him cross-examine so cruelly?

And also what we have ourselves is whether or not this curse of homosexuality is a crime or a disease. One thirg is certain: the publicity given to the trial must have done much to encourage the growth of the dread-

Wilde was born in Dublin of difficult wilde was born in Dublin of difficult but brilliant parents. He went to the university there and later on to Oxford. Then he set up as a man of letters in London and became the most dazzling conversationalist of his age. Not content with expressing his views in talk or in articles he turned to poetry

and then to the theatre.

Like so many gifted Irishmen he was Like so many gifted Irishmen he was a rebellion against the smugness, the decorum, the snobbery and the dullness of Victorian society. He was a sensualist of language, a poet who made music of words, a wit who stopped short of cruelty, a sentimentalist who pitied sinners. He was in love with beauty and at war with mediocrity.

It may be that in his rebellion

It may be that in his rebellion against Victorian morality he was drawn towards unnatural vice. did he attempt to hide the fact. The wonder is that the police spared him for so long, for his debaucheries were the talk of the town. Actually no police action took place until, like a fool, Wilde sued the Marquis of Queens-berry for slander. Halfway through that trial the case was stopped. The police held their hand long enough to give Wilde time to leave

the country, but such was his arrogance that he stayed in London until they came to his house and arrested him.

There is no need now to recall the tremendous drama of the trial. It has been described in print and discussed interminably. He was sentenced to two years' hard labor and taken to Reading Gaol forty miles from London.



Ansco's Brightest Gift of the Year

Here's everything needed to take pictures Christmas morning; this strikingly handsome new Anscoflex Camera complete with gray leather case, matching flash attachment, 6 flashbulbs and 3 rolls of Ansco All-Weather Film. In attractive gift box-an outstanding value at only \$28.95.

OF CANADA LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

I PROPOSE that we should now put Society in the box. Let us see what the world did when the prison gates had closed upon the wretched creature

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Wilde's published books were withdrawn from circulation. His plays were banned in the theatre. He was made bankrupt, and as a result unscrupu-lous publishers in Britain, France and America reprinted his books with a complete disregard of the law of copyright and in the process filled their coffers.

Wilde's literary estate was vested in the Official Receiver who, in his omnipotence, decided that the books were of no value and if publishers were fools enough to publish them then let them go ahead.

But the darkness that had fallen on Wilde did not really begin to lift until ten years after the famous trial when his Canadian-born friend Robert Ross succeeded in getting De Profundis published.

Wilde had been dead for four years having died in France at forty-four. From the beginning of his imprison-ment until the end of his days he was never allowed to see his two small sons. Nor did he ever set eyes upon England after seeking sanctuary in France after his release from prison. The great writer of comedies had to play the tragedy as an exile to the cruel last

But Robert Ross dedicated his life to restoring Wilde's name as an author. In De Profundis Ross found a work of genius and beauty and pathos that could not be denied by a whole world

of Philistines.

Immediately it was published in
London the tide began to turn. Reputable publishers in every country bid for the rights. In one year Ross was able to pay off Wilde's bankruptcy and satisfy Wilde's creditors in France.

What happened to his two sons? To What happened to his two sons? To live some kind of private life the mother gave them the surname of Holland. Bearing that name the older boy went to his death in France in 1915. The younger brother Vyvyan Holland lived quietly in England, eventually marrying an Australian girl, and they had a son. I met them at Francis Queensborough's house four or five years ago and we discussed then whether they should give back to the boy the name to which he was entitled. Both Queensborough and myself took the view that the genius of Wilde had outlived his crime against society and that the boy should be known not by his father's

should be known not by his father's name but as Holland-Wilde.

The little chap was at Tite Street this morning—alert, intelligent and good-looking. And there we shall end this part of the story because the Savoy has just appeared on the horizon.

WHAT TRICKS are played by the whirligig of time! France had sent an official representative to attend the luncheon. So had Germany and Ire-land. All around us were the leading figures of the London theatre, as well as most of our outstanding dramatists and novelists. At the conclusion of the speeches we stood in silence to the memory of Oscar Wilde who had sinned against society but had ministered the mind of men.

against society but had ministered the mind of man.

It was a moment in the story of civilization. Wilde had written: "Out of sorrow have the worlds been built, and at the birth of a star or a child there is pain." Out of sorrow came this moment in London when we stood to honor the name which he himself dishonored, and to declare that the waters of time have cleansed the man of his sins and left the poet, the dramatist and the wit to enrich the centuries. *



. . and because of this lasting beauty, Irish Linen will still be in proud use — still luxurious to ing shown in your nearby look at and to touch — years, goods or department store. even generations from now.

Choose your Irish Linen gifts from the wide selection now being shown in your nearby dry

THE IRISH LINEN ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

64 WELLINGTON STREET, WEST, TORONTO







"MY DAUGHTER PUT IT UP WHEN SHE BECAME ENGAGED. THE NEW LABATT IPA LABEL IS HER WAY OF SAYING SHE'S GOT HERSELF A MAN"

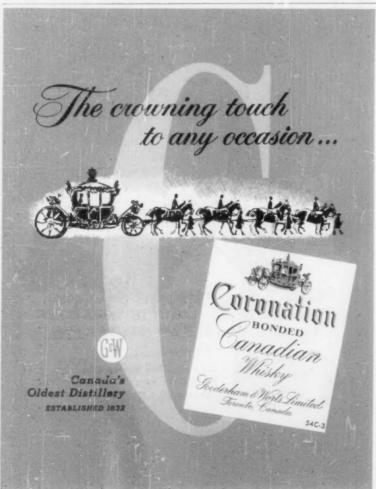


secret of IPA back to London in 1864. Winner of more awards than any

Next time you see the IPA label, you know it for a fact . . . there's a man about, with a taste for a truly man's ale. A zestful and mellow ale an ale with hearty old-time flavour ... an ale with a fine masculine tang. If you've a man's taste in ales, you'll enjoy Labatt's IPA. Have an IPA soon.

The swing is definitely to Labatts!





MAILBAG



Who's the King of the Woods?

Writing about The Biggest Boob in the Bush (Oct. 15) Don Delaplante refers to . . . "the enigmatic moose, shaggy king of Canada's big-game animals." Since when is the boobish moose the king of Canada's fauna? He's not even the shaggiest. This honor belongs to our bison others may claim it belongs to our musk ox. But let me tell you, when it comes to lording it over all others there can only be one truly kingly beast—our brutish Ursus Horribilis, the Canadian Rocky Mountain bear, the fearful grizzly or

a weed killer that helped increase grain crops. They gave the farmer an insecticide to kill wire worms. The use of fertilizers became more prevalent. Farm - machine companies put out larger and faster-moving machines, so that a farmer put his spring crop in quicker and better, did his summer work easier and took his crop off faster. Better farming holds sway all over the world —so how could the situation be anything but Too Much Wheat? Too much grain of all kinds! We had a bumper crop growing this year if out-of-the-ordinary weather had not ruined it. A lot of it would have been ruined anyhow for lack of storage space. Acreage must be diverted to something besides grain. I do not hold that a bad crop will always follow good years—not under present good farming methods.—E. W. Bromley, Chilliwack, B.C.

Same Same

● I have been a farmer at Lashburn, Sask., since 1906 and during that time I was always trying to have two or three bins of grain chead from year to year. Now that we have it I for one am pleased.—A. W. Plewman, Vancouver, B.C.

silvertip. And methinks there's even a fiercer animal in Canada, albeit an Arctic dweller—the glorious white polar bear! . . .

But the grizzly is King of the West.
Victor Kutschera, Banff, Alta.

• Delaplante's fine article failed to say that one fourth of the moose population, female and male, must be harvested by hunters each year if the animals are to be saved from winter starvation, ticks, wolves, tapeworms, and "moose dis-

Where harvesting is carried out twin calves are the rule, not the exception. Sweden's 65,000 moose yield an annual harvest of 7,000 cows and 8,000 bulls . . . The moose in Alberta and the Yukon, which should yield 50,000 cows and bulls a year, face winter starvation on depleted ranges. Saskatchewan and British Columbia create healthy herds by harvesting cows.—N. Kvisle, Innisfail, Alta.

What Size Scallops, Sir?

Norman Creighton deserves a cum laude mention for The Seaboard's Sea Food Capital (Oct. 15). I had the wonderful opportunity of being in Digby last summer and author Creighton skilfully brought back to memory this small seaport. His appreciation of local dislikes, such as scallop chowder, was not exaggerated, but if his statement that Canadians prefer big scallops to the smaller Digby ones is true, then I find myself an exception.—Jacques Larose, Gatineau Point, Que.

How We Got too Much Wheat

Regarding your article, Too Much Wheat (Nov. 1), the good crops of 1951, 1952 and 1953 were not just by chance good crops. During the last war we asked agricultural experts to increase farm production. Scientists went to work and brought out 2-4-D,

Marilyn and Fellow Swimmers

I am deeply indebted to June Callwood whose incisive style has carried Maclean's readers across Lake Ontario with Marilyn Bell (How Marilyn Swam the Lake, Nov. 1) . . . a brilliant piece of reporting and writing.

with Marilyn Bell (How Marilyn Swam the Lake, Nov. 1) . . . a brilliant piece of reporting and writing.

Think of the glory Maclean's could gather if you'd sponsor an annual swim in which George Duthie and three other CNE men of your own choice are tied to a Maclean's speedboat and dragged



over the glorious path made by little Marilyn.

I suggest the event be staged annually on Sept. 9. In this way Canadians would remember the heroic directors of the Canadian National Exhibition.—Stewart T. McNeill, Vancouver.

● This article mentioned the CNEhired press boat Moby Dick. . . I am the registered owner of the Moby Dick, and the boat, its captain and crew. were loaned by me to the Canadian National Exhibition to be used for the Press, radio and public relations in the swim.—P. N. Thomson, Montreal.

Football, Canadian Style

Congratulations to Hec Crighton and Trent Frayne for It's Time to Bring Back Canadian Football (Nov. 1). This defense of the Canadian game is overdue and what a tasty bit for the fans to mull over!

Here is one spectator who is tired of being told by coaches what is good for her—does not want four downs and downfield blocking, likes the game as



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Modern aluminum allovs seem tough enough to take almost anything. For instance, one manufacturer uses aluminum for those little electrically driven cars the kids love to climb into at carnivals and fairs. The idea is to whirl around at high speed exchanging spine-shattering bumps with other "motorists" They actually stand up under this treatment (the cars, we mean). Our own Alcan researchers are constantly developing and testing new applications, better products, improved production techniques. There's always something new in aluminum! Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan).

LUSTRE ENAMEL



WALLACE STERLING

THIRD DIMENSION BEAUTY

it is, plus the Canadian flavor. - Ida D. Lyon, Toronto.

· Although I had heard and read of U. S. imports of Canadian teams, your article did a good job of shattering rudely but rightfully my pride in something so-called Canadian. What a rotten dell for Canadian players and for other poor suckers like myself who thought football in Canada was Canadian.—Ian D. W. Smith, Vineland Station Ont.

A Prig's Companion

In Blair Fraser's article, We Went La Vérendrye's Way (Oct. 1), he writes: "... Daniel Harmon, the priggish New Englander who was scandalized that voyageurs worked on the Sabbath but who promptly accepted a Chip-pewa chief's offer of his comely daughter as a "companion" during his stay in the woods

The woman offered to Harmon was the daughter of a chief of the Crees, not the Chippewas. To Harmon's credit he refused her. The woman Harmon finally took as a "companion" was the daughter of a Canadian and a Snare Indian woman. She was teen when he accepted her . . . T was no material advantage in match. As Harmon himself says of the match. As Harmon himself says of the Cree chief's offer: ". . In fact, he almost persuaded me to keep her; for I was sure that while I had the daughter I should not only have the father's ter I should not only have the father's furs but those of all his band." (A Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America, Daniel Williams Harmon, A. S. Barnes and Company, New York, 1903.)

After living with his "companion" from the time he was 24 until he was 39 Harmon decided . . . to marry her, something notable among North West traders.—James Robb, Ste. Dorothée, Que.

rothée, Que.

How "Ignorant" Is Quebec?

A correspondent in your Oct. 1 issue insulted Quebec by referring to it as "Canada's most ignorant province."
He evidently forgot that the federal
Prime Minister is an ignorant Quebecker; that this province has through Prime Minister Duplessis done more for education and public welfare than any of the nine sister provinces. Ig-norant Quebec has given Canada outstanding statesmen, scholars, judges, lawyers, musicians, artists and now has the distinction of having an ignorant Quebecker as president of the Trades and Labor Congress. Ignorant Quebec has increased wage payments to its workers to the tune of \$700 millions 1946; it has the largest number of collective agreements and one of the ablest labor ministers in Canada. The majority of ignorant French-speaking citizens are fluently bilingual—can as much be said for their counterparts in Toronto or Ontario?—Bernard Rose, Montreal.

A Cure for Prison Riots?

I wish to thank you for the article, What It's Like to Be in a Prison Riot, (Oct. 15). I think our system of prisons is a disgrace and we are hypocrites to do nothing about this matter. Have we no men with interest and influence enough to adopt a parole system to give prisoners a chance to go straight?

Instead, we sentence them to long terms. What good does it do to shut a healthy young man behind bars like an animal? . . . If he were paroled in the care of someone who would watch him till he knew which road to travel with self-respect, he might develop into an asset. But after prison he becomes a derelict, an expense to his country.

—Mary S. Wisdom, Montreal. ★



Use "Sweet" Martini & Rossi Vermouth for marvellous manhattans.

And for a delightful new taste sensation, try Martiri & Rossi "on the rocks" ... sweet - dry - or half-and-hal ... with twist of lemon peel. By the way-it's great, straight. Now imported in the new 35 oz. bottle from

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THE CLUB PRESIDENT HAD IT HOISTED WHEN HE CELEBRATED HIS "HOLE IN ONE"



John Labatt III, challenged by his brother to brew an ale to celebrate his 50th

'50' just naturally goes with celebration . . . its lighter, smoother flavour its golden brightness and body all have a way of adding to the happy memories. Plan to have Labatt's Anniversary '50' on hand for your next Special Event! And why not make everyday thirst a cause for celebration too! Have a '50' soon.

The swing is definitely to Labatts!



Romeo and Juliet

in never-to-be-forgotten
color by TECHNICOLOR



The world's greatest love story filmed amid the color and vivid beauty of Italy with

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Romeo and Juliet is unconventional, daring and fiercely individualistic filmmaking. Not only is the approach fresh and vital in itself, but the added combination of superb performances, sweeping photography and timeless story makes Romeo a. d Juliet a truly unforgettable movie. A must for everyone!



Romeo and Juliet
1954 Grand Prize Winner
VENICE FILM FESTIVAL

COMING SOON TO YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

Two New Poems by Lewis Carroll

The discovery of unpublished verses by the creator of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland comes as a special Christmas treat. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson wrote these poems when he was thirteen, before he adopted the pen name of Lewis Carroll. Illustrated with his own drawings (right) they were written to amuse his younger brother and sister. Now collected, these new verses will soon be published by the Macmillan Company.



An aged gardener gooseberries picked . . .

A TALE OF A TAIL

An aged gardener gooseberries picked, From off a gooseberry tree; The thorns they oft his fingers pricked Yet never a word said he.

A dog sat by him with a tail, Oh! such a tail! I ween, That never such in hill or dale, Hath hitherto been seen.

It was a tail of desperate length, A tail of grizly fur, A tale of muscle, bone, and strength Unmeet for such a cur.

Yet of this tail the dog seemed proud And ever and anon, He raised his head, and barked so loud, That tho' the man seemed *something* cowed, Yet still his work went on.

At length in lashing out its tail, It twisted it so tight, Around his legs, 'twas no avail, To pull with all its might. The gardener scarce could make a guess, What round his legs had got, Yet he worked on in weariness, Although his wrath was hot.

"Why, what's the matter?" he did say, "I can't keep on my feet, Yet not a glass I've had this day Save one, of brandy neat.

"Two quarts of ale, and one good sup Of whiskey sweet and strong, And yet I scarce can now stand up, I fear that something's wrong."

His work reluctantly he stopped, The cause of this to view, Then quickly seized an axe and chopped, The guilty tail in two.

When this was done, with mirth he bowed, Till he was black and blue, The dog it barked both long and loud, And with good reason too.

MORAL "DON'T GET DRUNK."

THE ANGLER'S ADVENTURE

As I was ling'ring by the river's stream Striving to lure the shoals of glitt'ring fish With hook and line, methought I had a dream, That what I caught was placed upon a dish.

No tail it had, it could not be a beast, No wings, it could by no means be a bird. Its flesh, when tasted, proved a luscious feast, And yet, methought, its name I'd never heard.

Speckles it had of most enchanting hue, An unknown foreign creature it appeared; It might be anything, perhaps a Jew, I almost wondered it had not a beard.

While thus I slept and dreamed, I felt a twitch Which almost pulled my fishing rod away, I started to my feet. Oh! what a rich Vision of splendor in the water lay!

The creature of my dream! most wonderful, Struggling most violently on the hook, I landed it with one most desperate pull, Ere that I ventured on its form to look.

In every item it did correspond Exactly with what I in sleep had seen, It seemed in fact almost to go beyond The former in the grandeur of its mien.

I scarce could fancy that there did exist A creature which in beauty so surpassed. I pondered o'er each fish and bird and beast, And puzzled out its name, I thought, at last.

By thinking over Buffon's history, And Bewick's Birds, and Isaak Walton's book, I seemed to penetrate the mystery, The name of that which hung upon my hook.

Remembering Izaak Walton's own instructions And other anglers' who have gent before us, By algebra, and eke the help of fluxions, I made it out, it was a Plesiosaurus!

"Is it not so?" I said unto my maid, She wrung her hands as through the room she strode.

"Take it away! oh master mine," she said,
"It is, it is, it is, it is a toad!!!!!"

MORAL: "DON'T DREAM."

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THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Those Hilarious Jokes in Parade

F THE young man on the right appears to be mopping his brow, he should be excused. His name is R. Gerald Anglin and he's the fellow who runs Parade our back-page budget of "true, humorous anec-dotes" that, to the consternation of more-profound editors, steadily maintains its place as Maclean's bestread feature. If he is also smiling, then that's as it should be too for Gerry Anglin in thirteen years of reading thousands upon thousands of readers' contributions has never lost his ability to enjoy the kind of joke that regularly convulses your neighborhood. He can even laugh when ten duplicates of the same anecdote arrive in the same mail.

It seems to him that all his life he has been reading about a family that picked mushrooms, ate them and gave the scraps to the cat. The cat promptly threw a fit, the family rushed to get their stomachs pumped out. Weak and shaken, they returned from hospital to find that the cat had given birth to three, or five, kittens. It came in again the other day, from Yorkton.

The way a joke travels around the country or the world, for that matter-is truly astonishing. Consider the following Parade submissions:

The clerk answered the telephone at the Victoria, B.C., City Hall with his usual, "Victoria City Hall." There was silence. He repeated it, and added, "Who is it you want to speak

A quiet woman's voice said apologetically, "No one, I guess. This was a number I found in my husband's pocket."



Anglin has a soft head for chestnuts

When another light flashed on the switchboard the telephone oper-ator at Windsor's civic headquarters plugged in and answered with the usual. "City Hall." When there was usual, "City Hall." When there was no reply she repeated the words, then a third and fourth time before she demanded impatiently, "To whom did you wish to speak?"

Finally, a faltering female voice answered, "I guess with no one . . . I found this telephone number in my husband's pecket."

husband's pocket."

The first of these was used in Parade in our Dec. 15 issue last year. The second arrived nearly a year later and was blocked, not because editor Anglin doubted the authenticity of the Windsor item, not because he didn't think it was funny, but because eager readers of Parade with long memories (or good files) would be quick to chortle that he had been "had." Quite a sensitive fellow, Anglin. *



Oscar's Christmas Symbols

'It occurred to me," writes artist Oscar Cahen, "that it would be nice to have a Christmas cover that does not rely mainly on an 'idea' but one that simply represents some of the things we accept as symbols of the holiday." He carried out his plan by plotting the design on black paper, then cutting out small bits of colored paper which were shuffled around and around until Oscar and art director Eugene Aliman cried "Bingo!"



Gin Distillers To the Late King George VI Tanqueray, Gordon & Co. Ltd.

there's no gin like Gordon's

IMPORTED FROM LONDON, ENGLAND

AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES

MEK



Tested by brewmasters from seven other breweries, at Mr. Hugh F. Labatt's request, Pilsener won en-thusiastic praise . . . a light, dry, true Pilsener Beer!

Your first cool bottle of Pilsener proves it . . . nothing slakes thirst so enjoyably, so effectively as Labatt's Pilsener! Introduce your thirst to that authentic Pilsener flavour-lighter than ale, drier than lager. Refreshing! All the pleasures of Pilsener are waiting . . treat yourself to a Pilsener soon.

The swing is definitely to Labatt's

NOWI SAVE EUROPE AND BACK



for the YEAR'S LOWEST AIR FARES

B·O·A·C

Fly abroad in the quiet and comfort of B.O.A.C. Constellations, with tempting meals included at no extra cost in your low tourist fare. A fare that now saves you \$95.70 round trip to Britain or Continental Europe, compared with the crowded season rates. Enjoy British service in the cabin . . . and, at the controls BOAC airmanship, backed by over 20,000,000 miles of transatlantic flying.

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For through bookings to Britain, France, Italy, Spain, Greece, Germany, Belgium, Holland, or Scandinavia by B.O.A.C., see your travel agent, railway ticket office, or B.O.A.C.

*For example, I.A.T.A. approved Off-Season tourist fares Montreal-Glasgow return \$386.70

PARADE

SUDDENLY the season is upon us when department stores become hedlam with customers come bedlam, with customers and clerks vying to see who gets hauled away to the violent ward first. In Edmonton a Parade scout reports seeing a swarm of customers milling angrily about a counter whose sales girl had mysteriously vanished, until one calm but determined shopper marched behind the counter, rang up her own purchases and those of several other customers, wrapped the parcels neatly and went her way. And in Ottawa another of our spies happened on two harried women in the employ of the store's shopping service, who had been battling crowds all day for cowardly folk unwilling to do their own dirty work. moment," said one to the other, "I'd give my husband for a cigarette." . . .

The true spirit of Christmas also finds expression at this season, though even this may be misinterpreted. For instance, last year a church choir in Flin Flon hit on the happy idea of carrying their specially prepared Christmas music to shut-ins of the congregation by singing in the street before the home of each such member. A bit late on the chosen evening they reached their final call, a house just off the main street. They were giving a rousing performance of "God rest you merry, gentlemen," when the



side door of a beer parlor opened and a startled gentleman indeed found himself self-propelled into their midst. Reeling backwards he groped desperately for the friendly door he had just left, and vanished while exclaiming reproachfully, "Bunchadrunks."

A Parade Scout who's an uppatient in the men's ward on the third floor at Muskoka TB Hospital, at Gravenhurst, Ont., has thoughtfully copied down the wording of a sign that just appeared in the washroom:

Do not throw cigarette butts and papers on the floor. This is not a library. The best double bill we've seen advertised lately was at Prescott, Ont., where the marquee read "If This Be Sin—Encore." We don't know what was playing at the theatre in nearby Cornwall, about the same time, but it didn't entirely satisfy one woman who sent her husband out



for popcorn. The lobby stand was sold out and hubby had to go down street. His wife was soon happily reaching over for popcorn from a box held by a dusky figure she thought was her returning husband when a strange voice said sarcastically, "Lady, if you like, I'll buy you a box."

Just arrived in the New Brunswick town, the sensitive young housewife hated having to string her washing on a line that hung above an adjoining parking lot. She was mystified and mortified the day she discovered a pair of nylon panties missing from the line. She blushed beet red next day when she answered a knock at the back door to find a husky truck driver standing there, proferring the missing item, but the fellow showed no sympathy at all. "Lady, if you're embarrassed, you should have seen me when my wife found these in the back of my truck!"

Speed is the thing if you want to cater to the wedding trade in Regina. At least, we know of a printer there who advertises three-hour service on wedding invitations. But if you want to appeal to expectant mothers in Windsor, Ont., don't overlook the gambling instinct. The fact is this maternity-shop proprietor we've heard about was literally facing bankruptcy until it suddenly occurred to him that the one thing he knew for sure about his otherwise fickle customers was that every expectant mother is certain she knows just when her child is going to be born.

when her child is going to be born. In no time he had a sign up offering a free baby blanket to every customer who could guess right. In no time his shop was full of confidently guessing expectees who, thus flattered, invariably bought a few things. Well, in less than nine months he was out of the red by betting blankets with nine hundred customers. More generous than most gamblers he allows all clients a two-day leeway either way, but at that the record shows the odds are with him almost two-to-one.

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